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IN excluding Ekaterina Kalinin from this country, to which she was coming on a Christian errand of mercy to plead for starving Russian children, Secretary Hughes has taken the most contemptible action which has come to our notice in fifty-eight years of observation of our State Department. The great and generous American Republic publicly humiliates a woman and condemns hungry children to starvation because a judicial tribunal in the country of which her husband happens to be President has committed a judicial murder which our Government, in common with public opinion everywhere, does not approve. This same Government of ours has watched judicial murder in Ireland, Egypt, and India unmoved. By this act Secretary Hughes serves notice that when this country gives its stamp to a document in the nature of a contract with an intending traveler it may be revoked at any moment that the signing authority gets angry at the act of some subordinate of a relative of the traveler. We are at a loss to say whether we are most impressed by the hypocrisy of this attitude, by its pettiness, by its utter lack of sportsmanship and chivalry, or by its inhumanity. It is the act of an angry small boy. We agree with John Haynes Holmes that "to deny Mme. Kalinin hospitality is to shut the spirit of Christ from out our borders." This Government's attack upon one who was not even in Russia when the acts for which the Russian court is blamed took place is a public humiliation of the United States.

"THE peoples of Germany and France have only one choice—either to live together or go down to ruin together"—that phrase from the "olive-branch speech" of the German Foreign Minister is profoundly true. The silent blast furnaces of Lorraine are eloquent witness. A recognition of its truth is more important than the precise total payment proposed by either side. Obviously no single speech can make peace, and the question of evacuation may prolong the weary struggle many months. The French have the power to hold the Ruhr until payment is made in full, but if Poincaré values the reputation of his country abroad half as much as his personal prestige at home he will see to it that she abandons the role of invader very soon. It hurts France when the rest of the world reads that fifty-one civilians, two of them women, the youngest eight and the oldest seventy, have been killed by French soldiers in the Ruhr, or that an alderman of Essen has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and fined five million marks because he rejected a demand that school children's baths be turned over for the use of troops.

ADMIRAL CHESTER'S concession in Turkey is as orthodox a forward step in imperialism as could be conceived. It grew out of an expedition for the protection of missionaries; it includes oil, copper, iron, and railroads; it conflicts with claims advanced in behalf of the subjects of two other great Powers, and has about as many possibilities of international squabbles hidden away in its clauses as could possibly be tucked into a single document. Already Americans are emotionally identifying themselves as a nation with the little group of capitalists interested in this concession. Mr. Hughes, who has been opposing somewhat similar British claims on the ground of the right to the open door, announces that this concession is consistent with that great and convenient principle. France has already protested the Turkish ratification of the concession; England has hinted that she may, although the Chester group indicates its readiness to give British capital a 40 per cent interest. The row is a danger signal to the American people. We have become the world's greatest capital-exporting country. More and more in years to come American banking groups will be staking out for themselves concessions in the profitable corners of the earth. Let them. But if we permit our Government to adopt the role of defender of American concessions abroad we will find ourselves leading the world in just such another mad race for profits as brought on the cataclysm of 1914.

THESE loose post-war manners we read about have apparently corrupted the behavior of that most matronly body, the Mother of Parliaments. She has gone in for disorderly conduct of a gross and lively sort and the world, which has been brought up in this generation to look upon her as a gracious mixture of urbanity and humor, is shocked at the spectacle of a bawling, sprawling, brawling old harridan. Some blame the situation on Labor. Others blame the shifty tactics of the Government. Everyone is shocked—except a few persons with memories long enough to hold

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stories of the days of Parnell when by parliamentary shifts and strong-arm measures the House of Commons was kept in constant turmoil. Order seems to have been reestablished by the Government's acceptance of Labor's demand for an investigation of the grievances of ex-service men, and by the prosperous appearance of the new budget bill which shows a surplus of some £36,000,000 to be devoted to a reduction of taxes. The bill does not wholly satisfy Labor, but it gives the Government a strong hand just when it needs it most, and may end for the time being any tendency to riotous opposition and violent support.

THAT great revival of interest in the League of Nations which has been so ardently predicted by those who wish the United States to enter the League faded into a very thin shadow at the national conference of the League of Women Voters at Des Moines, Iowa. A motion to amend the League's indorsement of Senator Borah's proposal to outlaw war failed even to receive a second! If the women do not respond to the emotional appeal for the League, who will? We suspect that the significance of Senator Pepper's change of front is greatly exaggerated. The Republican Senator whose comment is going the rounds is probably right: "There is one more good Republican victory in the League of Nations issue." If the Democrats, following Mr. Wilson's lead, permit themselves to be carried away into making the League a party issue they will only give the Republicans new hope for what had seemed the lost campaign of 1924. Meanwhile friends of the League imperil even the World Court. There is a great difference between a judicial court, whose main fault is its weakness, and a political League. League advocates who try to link the two only inject a hopeless political issue and render more difficult any American participation in the world's affairs. Like some of the isolationists they seem to forget that the idea of an international court was an essential part of American foreign policy long before the Covenant of the League was born.

UNREALITY in international politics could hardly go much further than in the announcements that the United States will present a bill for $1,187,736,867 as war claims of this Government and its citizens against the German Government, and that we expect the Allies to give our little bill for troops on the Rhine—about a quarter of a billion of dollars—priority in future German cash payments. The bills may be legally justified. So is the French claim for several times what Germany can pay. But in dealing with a bankrupt, common sense dictates a certain forgetfulness of legal rights and a certain attention to possibilities. Our American bills might be used effectively. Mr. Hughes has urged the French to submit their claim to a commission of neutral economic experts. Let them decide as economists, he said in substance, what Germany can pay. But speaking, as he did, merely as a friendly adviser, his words had no weight. If Mr. Hughes were in a position to say to the French: "We too have claims against the Germans, which, by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, have a priority over reparations. We even have claims against you—your war-time debts to us. To show our good faith we will refer them to the same impartial experts"—then his negotiations about these claims might acquire an air of reality. We can hardly advise Europe effectively unless we are ready to take our own advice.

ACQUITTAL of the second group of defendants in the Herrin, Illinois, trials, and the failure of the State of Arkansas to take any steps toward punishment of the open-shoppers who forcibly deported, whipped, and even hung union men along the line of the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad, reveal once more the part that economic lines play in American life. The trials at Herrin were not in any real sense of the word judicial proceedings; they were a duel between the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, working through the machinery of the State, and the United Mine Workers, in which the latter, aided by local sympathy, won. The State made no attempt to punish anyone for the murder of two union miners which preceded the slaughter of the non-union workers; it leaped eagerly to any chance of linking the miners' union with the latter killings. The trial was not so much an attempt to convict individuals for a crime as to convict an organization. Inevitably the local community and the miners' union accepted the challenge. Hundreds must have known the guilty, but no one has been convicted, and the prosecution has felt compelled to drop the remaining indictments. Terrible as it seems, the union community apparently approved the killings, much as a Southern countryside approves a lynching, and just as the non-union communities of northwest Arkansas approve the riotous course of the citizens' committee which did not stop at hanging in its determination to end a strike. No serious effort has been made at punishment in Arkansas; the dictatorship of the open-shoppers continues. The lynching has become merely "a regrettable incident." It is a healthy thing for Americans to pause, in denouncing the Bolsheviki and the Fascisti, and to reflect upon class violence in their United States.

NEW YORK CITY has been behind others in the establishment of a labor bank. Eleven other labor banks in the United States have preceded that of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers which has just been opened in New York, and half a hundred more are projected. It is not that the need of a labor bank in New York has been less—it has probably been rather more—nor that interest has been lacking. The point is that any effort of that kind in America's largest city, in order to be successful, has to be on a more pretentious scale than elsewhere, and so is a more formidable undertaking. The demand for the Amalgamated Bank, in which *The Nation* is proud to be a depositor, is evident from the fact that the first day's deposits amounted to more than $500,000 and have been increasing ever since. This rapidly crystallizing movement among the workers to control their own savings and credit indicates that the time has come to establish a systematic means to educate officers and employees to conduct these institutions. Labor banks need a direction even more safe and expert than that of their commercial rivals.

ONCE in a while—after reading the gloomy truths about our universities put down by Upton Sinclair, or gazing into the ninth-century darkness of college libraries where no *Nation* is permitted to shed its beams—we are tempted to generalize, to say flatly: They're all alike; prudery and reaction perch upon our seats of learning, and learning itself has fled. But presently we come a cropper on some vivid contrast which proves that even universities are of all sorts. The University of Minnesota, for example, has lately had a chance to descend into the blackest pits of

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reaction—and its president has declined. The Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Minneapolis demanded an investigation of the university on the ground that it was undermining the religious faith of the student body by allowing them to read the surveys of mankind by H. G. Wells and Hendrik Willem van Loon. President Coffman refused to alter or amend the ways of his professors or the text of the books in the college library. He pointed out that the university was maintained for and by persons of many beliefs, and he declined to shelter his students from "all the winds of adverse opinion." This story raised our spirits; but they have returned to normal. For at the University of Tennessee Dr. Jesse William Sprowles, professor of genetic psychology, has been dismissed by the president for the crime of ordering for his classes copies of James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making." Following upon a series of similar intellectual atrocities, this episode has stirred students and members of the faculty to protest. Their protests may not save a good professor his job or a good book its audience; but at least they save the University of Tennessee from complete disgrace.

OTHER educators run the whole gamut of prohibitions from cosmetics to evolution. Little Miss Pearl Pugsley did not agree with the authorities of the Knobel, Arkansas, high school that face-powder was wicked in the schoolroom and carried her case, when she was expelled, to the Arkansas Supreme Court, only to be told that the authorities had been both "just and reasonable." Wisconsin is prohibiting in its schoolrooms the use of "history textbooks which defame the nation's founders or contain propaganda favorable to any foreign government." San Jose, California, bans from its libraries textbooks by Professors Van Tyne and Hart in which "certain achievements of the American forces during revolutionary times are belittled." Professor Ralph G. Demaree won a partial victory at Kentucky Wesleyan College when he was reinstated without being forced to retract his declarations upholding the theory of evolution, but he has promised not to discuss the subject until he leaves the school next month. Goucher College is in danger of receiving no further gifts from the chairman of its board of trustees unless he can be "assured the curriculum bars the theory of evolution." Oklahoma has repudiated Darwin and Spencer and enacted a law prohibiting the purchase of any textbooks teaching the "materialistic conception of history." There is a rift in the clouds at Yale, where the law faculty has formally protested to the State legislature against the proposed passage of the so-called anti-communist bill which would penalize a mere belief in the right of revolution.

AMERICANS have a historic passion for bigness which will be gratified by the announcement that the Leviathan, by reason of recent changes, has become the world's largest steamship. We have the biggest almost everything else, so why not the biggest of liners? But there is another and more creditable pride in having the biggest steamship than attaches to, say, the biggest cranberry bog or the biggest Turkish baths. The largest steamship stands not merely for dimensions but for progress in the art of construction and navigation. In this case the Leviathan has recaptured the title of the world's biggest liner (which it held before until the coming of the Majestic) by the installation of oil-burning engines—a progressive step in marine construction. This has increased the amount of inclosed deck and thus added to the gross tonnage, which is now said to be 59,956 as against the Majestic's 56,551. For the first time since it passed into American control the Leviathan will become a passenger ship for the public (it won unforgettable honors as a passenger ship for the army during the war) on the Fourth of July. We hope that it will add to the prestige and help toward the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine.

NEWS that Mary McDowell is to be Chicago's next Commissioner of Public Welfare is good news. For thirty years Mary McDowell has maintained, at the University of Chicago Settlement, a little outpost of true civilization in the stockyards district. She has never wavered in her faith nor compromised her convictions. She was a veteran when many of the present-day "suffragists" were in swaddling-clothes; she has been one of the leaders in the Women's Trade Union League since its inception; to her religion and life have been one, and the advanced industrial program of the Methodist Federation for Social Service is in no small degree the product of her spirit. More recently she has been active in the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and played a part in framing the industrial program of the League of Women Voters. She is on the board of that American Fund for Public Service which, to judge by the press statements, is keeping Samuel Gompers awake of nights. Public welfare has been her life work, and the mayor-elect of Chicago could hardly have started more auspiciously than by announcing the appointment of Mary McDowell for this post.

A "FASHION expert" has confirmed what we had long surmised from looking about us—that the Venus de Milo is headed toward the scrap-heap. Her broad hips and ample bust may have been all well enough for a lot of heathen Greeks, but they do not conform to the demands of a palpitating age of pep and potency among women. Hereafter the American girl will have to be born tall and tapering, or else she cannot get into her clothes. Dame Fashion has long been called arbitrary, but at last she has taken a leaf out of the book of Mussolini and Lenin and frankly admits a dictatorship. "The new Venus and her prototypes," it is announced, "will be fitted to the dress, and not, as has been the case with the 'perfect 36', the dress fitted to the girl." There it is; take it or leave it. Grow thin and dress, or—really we don't know what is going to happen to women who persist in lines that are built for comfort, not speed, unless they are satisfied to spend their lives in bed. Anyhow the asbestos curtain has been rung down on the "perfect 36." The 1923 model is a "perfect 34," 5 feet 7 inches in height, with a 22-inch waist line and 34-inch hips, the weight not to exceed 110 pounds. The point of difference, says the "fashion expert," is not merely in weight and height (the vanishing Venus is—or was—5 feet 4 inches) but in the fact that the bust and hips are the same measurement, 34 inches. This, he admits, may cause protest. In any event after the age of twenty "it will be a struggle to maintain the lines of the new Venus." We think it will be all of that—unless perhaps women solve the question by setting forward the present dead-line for their age by ten years. If they never grow older than twenty it may help.

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The Supreme Court Supplants Congress

ON September 19, 1918, Congress passed a law providing for the fixing of minimum wages for women and child workers in the District of Columbia. It established a Minimum Wage Board, representing employers, employees, and the public, with power, after investigation and public hearing, to fix in certain industries minimum wages sufficient to safeguard the health and morals of the workers. The Supreme Court, by a bare majority of its membership, has just placed its veto upon the legislation—indeed upon the whole principle of the minimum wage—and declared it unconstitutional, as an interference with the liberty of contract without due process of law.

The majority opinion, written by Justice Sutherland, gives explicit protection to the constitutional right of an employer to pay, and of an employee to contract to receive, less than a living wage. The consequences of such a decision are made unusually vivid by the somewhat peculiar facts of one of the two cases before the court. The plaintiff in that case was Willie A. Lyons, a woman elevator operator at the Congress Hall Hotel, where many members of Congress and their families live. She was employed at a salary of $35 a month and two meals a day. The Minimum Wage Board fixed $16.50 a week as a minimum wage for hotel workers. The hotel decided that Willie Lyons was not worth that much and she lost her job, which Justice Sutherland characterized as a "desirable" one. She sought an injunction to restrain the board from enforcing its order, alleging that she liked the position, was satisfied with her wages, did not deserve more, and could not get as good a job elsewhere. Her desire to keep her $35 a month job was apparently so keen that she felt justified in incurring the very considerable expenses incident to litigating the matter all the way to the Supreme Court—unless possibly some benevolent employers' association generously helped her out. The court now has held that being of legal age she had a constitutionally protected right to contract for such "a desirable engagement" if she chose, that the minimum-wage law has resulted in interfering with that right, and that it is consequently invalid. From that decision Chief Justice Taft and Justices Holmes and Sanford honorably dissented, while Justice Brandeis, whose daughter is secretary to the Minimum Wage Board, did not participate in the determination of the case.

We cannot escape the conclusion that the opinion of the court reveals an ignorance of the nature of the modern employment contract and of the facts which surround it which, in view of the court's pivotal position in determining the economic policy of the country, is nothing short of shocking. It assumes that there exists between employee and employer an equality of position which enables each to bargain with the other upon an equally advantageous footing. To suppose that such a situation exists in modern industrial society is indeed naive. The minority of the court clearly perceived this fatal weakness of Justice Sutherland's reasoning, and, recognizing the obvious fact that the class of employees at the bottom of the wage scale "are peculiarly subject to the overreaching of the harsh and greedy employer," held that the remedy proposed by Congress should not have been ruled out merely because the majority of the court thought that it was based upon unsound economic ground.

Lack of contact with industrial realities seems to have led the court into another strange fallacy concerning the relative importance of hours and wages. The constitutionality of laws limiting hours of service had been sustained, and these cases had not unnaturally been relied upon as authority for the minimum-wage law. Here, too, the court sharply divided, the minority holding that to fix a minimum wage was no more of an interference with the liberty of contract than to fix a maximum number of hours. But the majority decided otherwise, insisting that the wages paid are "the heart of the contract," while the number of hours worked are not. What mysterious process of reasoning was responsible for this result we are at a loss to imagine, for surely it cannot be doubted that as a matter of actual fact the value of the service on the one hand and of the compensation on the other depend upon both the wages paid and the hours worked. An employer certainly would be less willing to pay four dollars for eight hours' work than for ten, and likewise an employee would be more inclined to agree to a four-dollar daily wage if the day consisted of eight hours than he would be if ten hours' work were required. This would seem elementary, and the dissenting justices thought it so. But the majority of the court could not see it and in consequence maximum hours can constitutionally be regulated in these United States while minimum wages can not.

The majority of the court is at pains to insist that it is not exercising "a substantive power to review and nullify acts of Congress." It is not the function of the court, it says, to pass upon the wisdom of the economic policy involved in the minimum-wage law, but merely upon the power of Congress to adopt it. That, of course, is the historic fiction with which the court has always answered the charge that it was assuming to exercise functions which are really legislative in their nature. That it is a fiction is neatly, though unconsciously, demonstrated by Justice Sutherland himself in part of his opinion. One ground of the decision was that the law "takes account of the necessities of only one party" to the employment contract. It compels the employer, he says,

> to pay at least the sum fixed in any event, because the employee needs it, but requires no service of equivalent value from the employee. It therefore undertakes to solve but one-half of the problem. The other half is the establishment of a corresponding standard of efficiency, and this forms no part of the policy of the legislation, although in practice the former half without the latter must lead to ultimate failure, in accordance with the inexorable law that no one can continue indefinitely to take out more than he puts in without ultimately exhausting the supply.

Clearly this is argument about the economic soundness of the minimum wage; it has nothing to do with the question of the constitutional power of Congress, which was the only matter properly before the court. Congress passed the minimum-wage law in the light of a mass of statistical data tending to show that in eleven of the United States and in England, Canada, and Australia, minimum-wage laws had in fact increased the efficiency of industry. These data were evidently considered by Congress as demonstrating that both halves of the problem stated by the court would be solved by the legislation. The same data were submitted to the court, which concluded that it was "interesting but

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only mildly persuasive." Upon an economic question, in other words, the court reached the opposite conclusion from that reached by Congress. And in part at least upon that economic conclusion, outside of its sphere, the court declared the law unconstitutional.

If there be a difference between such an operation and the exercise of "a substantive power to review and nullify acts of Congress" we are unable to see it. We cannot doubt that the Supreme Court by this decision has substituted its judgment of economic wisdom for the judgment of Congress and that as a result the people of the United States are without power, unless they amend the Constitution, to establish the principle of the minimum wage in any State or in Federal territory. That this is deplorable most progressive-minded people will agree. But that the highest judicial body in the land should thus assume to decide questions of economic policy is more deplorable still. The people ought to be entitled to decide such matters for themselves, free from the shadow of the potential veto of the odd justice of the Supreme Court. Until this power of judicial veto is limited or eliminated, the people of the United States will neither be wholly free nor will they have the opportunity to test the vital principles of government of, for, and by the people.

Admiral Sims and *The Nation*

OUR neighbor the New York *Tribune*, which makes rather a specialty of attacking *The Nation*, took up our editorial Admiral Sims Challenges the Press with a vim. The *Tribune* sent one of its bright young men, with a copy of *The Nation* in his pocket, to interview the Admiral. We suspect that the *Tribune* anticipated a withering attack upon *The Nation* as the product of the interview. The Admiral replied, however, by elaborating his statement that the submarine atrocity stories were untrue, and gave new force to *The Nation's* challenge to the press and to the Navy Department. In a remarkable interview, which we should like to quote in full, Admiral Sims said:

I do not blame the newspapers. As far as I know the newspapers printed the truth as they knew it. Their sources of information were men who had made the passage, letters from the other side, *and naval officers on this side.* One of the sacrifices a people necessarily must make during war time is of an accurate knowledge of events. You have got to keep many facts from your own people to keep them from the enemy. *It would be extremely unpatriotic for a newspaper to tell the absolute truth about what is taking place during a war*, even if the newspaper could get the absolute truth. . . . [Italics ours.]

Referring to *The Nation's* challenge to the Navy Department to confirm or deny his charges the Admiral said:

If they go into the Navy Department records they will have to stand behind me but if they just give the offhand impression of some officer based on what he read in the newspapers during the war they probably would not. . . .

I stated . . . that barring the case of the hospital ship Llandovery Castle I did not know of any case where a German submarine commander had fired upon the boats of a torpedoed vessel; that the commanding officer and two officers of the submarine that torpedoed the hospital ship in question were tried in Germany after the war and punished; that the submarine commanders generally acted in a humane manner and in some instances gave the boats of torpedoed vessels food and water, and a tow toward land, and sent out wireless signals giving their positions. . . .

The disaster that occurred to the Lusitania was a great blow to the Germans. It was wholly unexpected by them, I think, for this reason: If you had asked any naval officer or naval constructor what would have happened when this vessel was torpedoed I am sure that the great majority would have said that after being struck she would have floated for hours before sinking and that, being close to land, she would have been beached. I have never believed that Germany had any idea that the torpedoing of that vessel . . . would have caused the loss of any lives at all. . . . I am speaking, you understand, as a seaman speaking of other seamen. . . . If the situation had been reversed, if we had been in Germany's place, and if we had believed that losing the war would have meant domination of our country by Germany—be sure to make that point—we too would have sunk ships without warning.

As for the propaganda, most of the things told, I believe, were true, but it was not all the truth. No army ever marched through an enemy country without some thieving, without some violence, even without some assaults upon women. But these things are not true of an entire army. They are just true enough to permit such stories to be told. The purpose is clear.

The purpose is clear enough indeed. It is to deceive the people into hating an enemy with a blind passionate hatred which they would not have if they knew the truth, and to induce them to fight on when they might want to make peace. We do not agree that it is the duty of the press to lie in war time. We believe that the press has a responsibility to discover the truth however difficult that may be. We do blame the newspapers. Let us give honor where honor is due: the *Tribune* boldly gave Admiral Sims's interview the banner place on the front page that it deserved. But the *Tribune* editorially ignored his charge of lying and merely denied his assertion that in like circumstances the United States would have done as Germany did. "Admiral Sims," it says, "owes the country a prompt apology for his astonishing aberration." Unless the press can refute the Admiral's statements that it filled the country with untruths about the submarine campaign we submit that it is the American press, the *Tribune* among its worst offenders, which owes the country an apology for *its* astonishing aberrations.

War is an atrocity. The submarine is an atrocity. Every shell that blasts a tree or rips its way through a peasant's cottage is an atrocity. We would not prettify the picture of war or lessen the popular understanding of its essential cruelty. It is the shading of the picture which we protest, the eternal and universal lie that somehow one's own countrymen make war pleasantly and the enemy with particular cruelty. That lie our press, like the press of Germany, France, and Britain, valiantly spread, and it shows no sign of repentance.

Variations on an Old Theme

FROM age to age controversies arise and fall and arise again in all the arts. The critics define the thrice defined and invent ever new names for immemorial things. Classic, romantic, impressionistic, expressionistic—these are but a few of the sounding words that have filled and fill the world with clamor. There is much confusion and a good deal of strange pride in this little but lasting world of the articulate and often there is anger and strong animosity over such things as free verse or significant form or the doctrine of art as imitation. Artists and critics, quite like statesmen and economists, will not agree in peace upon a few quite simple elementary things. Man needs food and

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good-will and a rational freedom; he needs expression; he needs to body forth himself, his contact with the universe, his brief, strange, pitiful experience in the sunlight.

But the arts are inadequate. This is the basic consideration that classicist and romanticist, realist and symbolist alike forget. Schools, techniques, methods are but means toward the end of bringing expression a little nearer to experience, art a little nearer to life. We do not mean toward a cold and stripped objectivity. No such thing exists. Once you saw trees at dusk. It is not the trees that constitute the experience; it is the trees plus the you that saw the trees, the you of that perhaps incomparable hour. What painting shall convey that experience in such a manner that it shall remain incomparable, unique, uniquely precious, yet intelligible to all who are attuned to understand forever? Canvas and colored chemicals and a bit of camel's hair—though they perform wonders how can they reach the pang, the delight, the strangeness of that hour, those trees, that *you?*

Music is the happiest of the arts. Here there is no division between form and substance. Experience is immediately rendered, communication is quite direct and pure. Sounds do not speak in terms made up of alien things, as paint must speak in terms of trees and faces, clay in terms of surfaces and bones. Music alone can abstract experience from its objects and thus achieve almost without effort timelessness and beauty. Ultra-modern painters, attempting to do the same, tend to fall into grotesqueness and unintelligibility. They seek to render the experience without its content; they substitute an alien and indefinite content. They want a pure thrill and end in confusion.

Literature, as it is the most inclusive and ambitious of the arts, is also the most heartbreakingly difficult, the most soaring and the most defeated. It seeks to render all of experience, not in its isolated moments but in its totality, its becoming, its intricacy, its intellectual background, its absorbing passions. And words, the medium of this art, are both rigid and brittle, both conventionalized and defaced. The medium itself of this art has no plasticity; it consists of hard, worn, recalcitrant fragments like bits of mosaic used a thousand times. Thus it is not surprising that in literature the effort to make art compete with experience should be most multiform and impassioned or that controversies over mood and method should be in this field most lasting and most acrimonious.

The difficulty, which is a noble one and makes any triumph correspondingly splendid, will remain; the acrimony and absoluteness of the contending factions would disappear with the recognition of simple, fundamental facts. All literature seeks to interpret experience. The naturalist does not render the merely objective nor the symbolist or expressionist the merely subjective. Neither exists in isolation. Human experience arises when subject and object meet. No human experience can exist without both factors. The dewy apples of Virgil are neither the unseen fruit of the tree nor the unseeing eye of the poet. They are the poet plus the fruit. Hence the divisions in art are mere visions of method seeking the same end, trying to snare the same uncapturable prey. Uncapturable! Love, beauty, delight, despair—these in their own nature are beyond singing, beyond words, beyond symbols. Let each artist work in his own way; each way is as good as any if it brings a little closer and makes a little clearer the beauty of things and the tragic pang of life.

The Pacifists 'll Git You—

PITY the good militarist who sits at the head of our War Department! He trembles in his shoes at the specter of a country menaced by red revolutionists on the one hand, and hamstrung by wicked pacifists on the other. An elderly lady, of whom we have heard, after sitting next to the Secretary of War at a Washington dinner-table recently, went home literally in fear and trembling, expecting to have her throat cut before dawn by some of the bolshevik miscreants who people every shadow and lurk behind every tree in the sight of the lord—of the War Department. Mr. Weeks declares that with and behind the pacifists are "those forces in America who (*sic*) are preaching revolution and the establishment of a communistic government, and"—here is his climax—"also those who seem to believe that any army or navy is unnecessary."

We are glad that Mr. Weeks has exposed these wicked creatures and particularly this red alliance; we are certain that within two weeks more he will be able to prove to his own satisfaction that our energetic American pacifists are solely responsible for the execution of Vicar-General Butchkavitch. We also rejoice because, to tell the truth, we were getting a little bit tired of the old story that all pacifists were pro-German and supplied with Berlin gold, deposited in Wall Street in July, 1914.

But Mr. Weeks's great discoveries do not end there. This epoch-making statement of his exposes the real motive of the pacifists and their allies who "seem to believe that any army or navy is unnecessary." *Seem* to believe; for in their heart of hearts, he feels, they cannot be so abandoned as to wish to turn John Weeks out of his job. But whether they pretend to or do not pretend to, it is a mighty useful thing to have John Weeks discover what the pacifists have really been up to all these years. More than that, he finds that they are deluding honest patriots into standing with them, and he has forever scotched the snake of unpreparedness by pointing out that the costs of the operation of the Pension Bureau and the Veterans' Bureau are, as he says, "to a large extent, the direct result of our unpreparedness, which was due to pacifist propaganda in the past. . . ." That is a wonderful thought. Doubtless the Civil War was due to the unpreparedness of South and North, and the Great War to the fact that the French and German standing armies totalled only 1,600,000 in July, 1914. And as the New York *World* explained, in paying its tribute to the Secretary's sagacity, this is undoubtedly the reason why the Germans had no casualties, have no maimed men, no need of veterans' homes and disabled men's pensions; they, you see, were armed to the teeth!

What can you do with pests like these pacifists who never sleep and confuse the good and the true by constantly mumbling something about Christianity? Luckily for us we have a General Fries and a John Weeks. Yet we hope that our generals and our secretaries will not say too often: "The pacifists 'll git you ef you don't watch out." They might give the pacifists the great satisfaction of believing that their ideas were so potent that they could compel a great government to tremble, and to stand against them with its back to the wall. Let us not dignify them too much, but say rather to our countrymen and countrywomen: "Why worry? Is not John Weeks on guard?"

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Fremont Older—A Pacific Coast Crusader

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FROM William Allen White to Fremont Older; from Emporia, Kansas, to San Francisco. It is a long jump, yet he needs must take it who seeks an interesting and vital newspaper editor in the West. That, in itself, is evidence enough of the way modern newspaper conditions have eliminated forceful personalities from the profession. There is no Middle Western editor of national prominence between the Mississippi and "the Coast" except Mr. White. He has been shrewd enough to see that his residence in Emporia is a capital asset of great value; he has preferred to be a big frog in a small puddle. Fremont Older has put in his life in the journalism of San Francisco, and made his mark first as a reporter and then as editor of the *Bulletin*. Now he is the editor of the *Call and Post*, and is one of the two first-rate journalists of the Pacific slope, the other being Chester Rowell of Fresno.

The distance between Emporia and San Francisco is no greater than that between the poles of thought in San Francisco as to Older. To the well-to-do, contented, and privileged, Older is anathema. They not only hate, fear, and distrust him, they honor him by their disbelief in his sincerity and honesty. To them "the friend of crooks" is as good as a crook himself. They lay endless labor agitation and social unrest at his door, and they cannot forgive him for his never-ending battling in the Mooney case, to say nothing of those of Calhoun and Ruef. They would cheerfully see him drowned in the waters of San Francisco Bay, and they would gladly pay one thousand times over for the regalia of any Ku Klux Klan that would administer correction to him after the manner of Mer Rouge. But his friends see in Fremont Older a journalistic knight-errant of superb power, who can never be made to know that he is beaten when it comes to a straight-out fight like the Mooney case. They realize that there is today much of a Tolstoian Christian in him, that his power of sympathy and understanding for those who have erred is almost beyond description. They thank heaven daily for his courage and determination; they are ready to go through an earthly purgatory for him —and they sometimes do—for they know what sacrifices he has made for principle. They admit freely that at times he has done inexcusable and cruel deeds, and used indefensible means to his ends. But they remember, also, that his errors came through sudden passionate acting on impulses, usually good, which took possession of him and carried him off his feet. They never forget, these loyal friends, that he has done fine things every day of his life, has always fought some good fight or opposed some evil, albeit often in moods like sudden spring gales that blow grains of dirt into eyes never meant to be hurt.

To an outsider, Older fits in well to the social and political life of the California of his time. If he has been ungoverned in assault, it is also true that he has lived among the ungoverned. If he has struck unsparingly it is because his nature had to cry out with bitterness, yes, for years to call for personal vengeance and to seek to inflict it, whenever a single case of individual wrong and suffering cut him to the core. Older is of those who can endure with some philosophy great wrongs of groups; the crime or the pain of one person, or a single bit of human injustice has often—perhaps usually—been the match to explode the whole tremendous magazine of his pent-up idealism, his craving for justice, his amazing sense of outrage at the injury a ruthless human society can do to a single, hapless individual. When the spark reached Older, so his associates say, he worked "like a whirlwind," he was absorbed and obsessed. His terrific power of concentration was never so exemplified. He lived and breathed only for the purpose in hand. In his hunt for his quarry he was remorseless to himself and as untiring as a tiger; in his sheer power he was like a mad elephant charging upon a helpless human.

This man is no great writer, and no *littérateur*, although he has "played up" on his first pages, just like a murder or a prize-fight, exquisite bits from Tolstoi, or Shaw, or Chesterton, or Galsworthy. Though in earlier years he loved to write, and though he has read deeply and well, and speaks admirably, he usually writes without distinction of style or literary touch. His autobiography, "My Own Story," gives the measure of this editor as such volumes of self-revelation rarely do. For it is a plain and unvarnished, almost disjointed, collection of human incidents, lengthy anecdotes strung together, which reflect vividly the strength of the man, but prove that in this case again he made no effort for real literary form. It gives us his vigor and power in action, his direct, frank statement, his truthful portraiture, his vivid remembrance of the many extraordinarily interesting and dramatic happenings in which he played his journalistic part, and what is more important, a human part. There is in it no theorizing, no political philosophy, no constructive suggestion for the lasting betterment of human society, whose seamy side he knows so well, no single reflection on the increasing breakdown of government. It all spells action, action, the pursuit of the criminal, the rescue of the debauched, the exposure of the hypocrite, the jailing of the evil-doer and of the political scoundrel. It is always the individual who concerns him, and has called forth the exercise of his indomitable powers.

Self-made, a graduate of the school of hard work, with very little book training, Older's profound reading in the best of literature comes from no outside impulse planted within him. His father having died as a result of Civil War service, he fled at fourteen from the home of a stern, puritanical aunt and emigrated to California at seventeen. Like William Lloyd Garrison he began early his career as a printer's devil, and like him, too, Older received a complete mechanical training—he was foreman of a printing shop at eighteen. In his reporting he showed the same qualities which found full play when he became not only a managing editor, but the kind of managing editor all directing editors try to be and few succeed in being—a director of his newspaper, free from detail and routine drudgery, free to come and go, to give orders like a generalissimo in accordance with the tactics and strategy laid down by himself. Then when the battle was joined the editorializing went on as before under his direction by the pens of others, while he himself plunged into the fray. For he was never

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a general to stay safely in his headquarters far behind the lines.

Place this man in any setting and he would be heard from. Placed in San Francisco, the exact background he needed was provided by fate. Political and social rottenness without end, intertwined with big business depravity, and the resulting political upheavals; the control of the State by corrupt corporations, notably the railroads; and then the mighty convulsion of nature and the fire that so nearly wiped out all of the good and the bad alike—surely all of this needed to be matched and more or less molded by an elemental force in newspaperdom. A hurly-burly, indeed, in which the heaviest blows were given and taken! Probably the pen of a Godkin would have availed little under such circumstances; probably a rough-hewn sledge-hammer and not a rapier of Toledo was needed. At any rate, it was a sledge-hammer which Older used, sometimes inflicting wounds upon the innocent as well as the guilty. So Older's own story is one of incessant battling, often against the heaviest odds. And often he fought in changing moods, for he can alternate swiftly and surprisingly from unbounded optimism to the blackest despair, and even fundamentally alter his whole viewpoint.

How, it may be asked, could such a runner-amuck obtain a newspaper medium with which to fight? Why, in these days of control by advertisers, and of soft-pedaling owners in search of dividends, was he allowed to have a vehicle for his views, for his vicious assaults on things as they are? It was a fortuitous circumstance that he went to the *Bulletin* which was then in the hands of a trustee, R. A. Crothers, the uncle, and for years the trustee, of a callow young owner who had inherited the paper from his father. No two men could have been more dissimilar than Mr. Crothers and the man who was for so long his editor. But Older had the great merit of being a remarkable circulation-getter and built the *Bulletin's* circulation up to 110,000, keeping it above 100,000 for some years. Nothing succeeds in journalism like circulation success. Mr. Crothers utterly failed to comprehend much of what Older was really driving at; he raged at many things that Older did and said; he winced under the criticism of the business and club world he went about in, but for twenty-four years he did not dare to let Older go. "In adapting Hearst methods to the *Bulletin* Older put a wholehearted sincerity into his work," writes a California journalist who has watched him for years at close range, "so that at the worst it lacked that banal, vulgar, sophisticated, calculated quality of Hearst's stuff. Behind it was always a passionate interest in the stuff of life burning hotter than the biggest headline. If Older could have been a writer instead of an editor, and had developed a critical faculty, he would have been a great literary artist like one of the Russians. He has a passion for life that makes me think of Jean Christophe."

Doubtless Mr. Crothers could not analyze or define Older's power, nor could he possibly have understood why Older could not compromise, why he had to go after people hammer and tongs. But Mr. Crothers could see that Older gave to the *Bulletin* in fullest measure what the newspapers call the "human interest" story. Certainly no man who was so possessed of a sincere passionate interest in humans could fail to put it into his paper. To talk with Mr. Crothers in his office was only to feel pity for this man who was doomed to be harnessed for years to a whirlwind he could neither understand nor control. When Older sent a man to Honduras to live among all the American beachcombers and fugitives from justice who made that country their home, Mr. Crothers approved because the resulting "stuff," throbbing as it was with amazing stories of errant human beings, was obviously just the matter to sell the paper. But when Older suddenly had a vision of what the present social struggle is all about, became convinced that the theory of the punishment of the individual as a curative was all wrong, and reacted passionately toward the I. W. W. and other stormy petrels of our industrial and social life, Mr. Crothers must have winced, indeed.

Probably he shared the opinion of a critic who wrote in *Collier's Weekly* for November 15, 1913: "Fremont Older has suddenly gone soft—insane, some people call it, being a trifle careless of their lexicology. He was the Nemesis of the crooks. He has become their best friend. . . ." So it was. He who had put Ruef, the corruptionist, into jail after the bitterest and most sensational of prosecutions, turned around within six months and did his utmost to get him out. His man hunts had ended. His was thenceforth the duty to bind up the wounds of the victims of the social fray. The personal bitterness, yes, the flaming hatreds he had felt toward those with whom he had fought, entirely disappeared. "Older is so changed that his friends wonder and his enemies cavil."

No sooner, however, did he begin to speak his enemies fair than there happened the bitterest of all his experiences. The Preparedness Day bomb outrage in San Francisco blew up the *Bulletin* and nearly finished Older, too, besides inflicting mutilation and death upon those who stood near by. San Francisco went wild, and when Mooney sent a telegram from a nearby resort, not to the authorities, but to Older, offering to surrender, the public was in full cry after the editor in an instant. Of course, they said, this is all Older's work. Has he not been taking the I. W. W.'s and all sorts of wild radicals and wild labor men to his bosom? Has he not printed the most provocative interviews with Bill Haywood, Clarence Darrow, and many other radicals? Is he not pacifistically inclined? Obviously he was the real malefactor, and a storm burst over Older's head, the like of which few journalists have ever had to endure and still fewer could survive. Men fell away from him to right and to left; old friends were mum. Labor helped him little, if any; he had already learned that gratitude is not to be expected from labor sources, and that the labor leaders would not stand by him in a pinch—when he first made this discovery he was as hurt as a child with a passionate child's surprise and resentment. Well, Older survived the hurricane that swept down upon him, but shaken to the core, though capable yet of great campaigns like those to free Mooney, which he still carries on.

Then came the World War which Older saw through and despised. None of the catchwords which the gullible swallowed availed with him. The useless slaughter left him hopeless for humanity. I met him about that time to find him despairing; he had no fundamental philosophy or faith to fall back upon; no confidence left in the divinity of man. He had, finally, to leave the *Bulletin* and to go to Hearst's *Call* (now the *Call and Post*), to the service of a man he must despise, whom he for years opposed, where he is not in control of the reporters or junior editors. He is pretty free within his field of activity—there were also limits on

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the *Bulletin* under Crothers—and there are flashes of the old talent. The editorials which he suggests and inspires are wise and philosophical, at times earnest, but wholly without the passion of yesteryear. It is the Older of a different phase, mellowed, not embittered, but no longer flaming, no longer in search of victims for his passionate sense of outrage.

The change that has come over this man is as extraordinary as anything in his career. A spirit of benign tolerance has taken possession of him and is the key to the Older of today. No longer breathing fire and flame, he preaches tolerance, understanding, good-will, gentleness, forbearance—as if in expectation that the final trump is not far off. What a tragic transformation! This is not the spirit of the great spiritual martyrs, of the men who have plowed the lonely furrow, paid the price of their dissents, and accepted defeat in the struggle for humanity, conscious that in defeat alone is there victory for the greatest of causes. We are not yet men on a raft in mid-ocean with but a few hours of life left and nothing to do but to make peace with one another and to face the inevitable. The fight is not yet lost, the flag not yet hauled down, the battle not yet over. Perhaps, a friend suggests, any radical, particularly one who came to his radicalism after forty, is entitled to a few years of quiet philosophizing, even if it is the philosophy of defeat. But for a man who, like Older, was for years the inspiration of young idealists desirous of bettering human conditions, who even through the war stuck to his belief that war and the Christian way of doing things were incompatible (John D. Barry wrote almost pure pacifism in his daily articles for the *Bulletin* throughout the war to the honor of both men), the nobler part, if temperament permits, is surely to go down with ardor unquenched, hope undimmed, and faith unbroken.

Fremont Older's contribution has been the proof that a powerful, honest, truthful personality, free to speak out, can, even in these times, achieve great good, though he produce a paper patterned in its externals after the worst. No one can commend the *Bulletin* or the *Call* under Older for dignity or sobriety of type, or excellence of make-up, or modesty of statement, or even adequate presentation of all the world's news. It has been his sincerity, his earnestness, his romantic belief in the traditions of San Francisco and in the future of the city of the Golden Argosy, his unselfishness, his willingness to court and take punishment, which have won for him the description of "a great editor" and carried him forward, despite all his mistakes of temper and method and the crudity of much of the journalism which won him more than 100,000 readers.

So I see in Fremont Older a typical figure of the Far West, a product of his surroundings, who probably could not have flowered similarly in any other portion of the United States. Had he been transplanted to New York he must have been affected by the atmosphere of that city. He would still have been a violent, elemental force; he would still have unhorsed politicians, jailed boodlers, and run grafters out of town; he would still have been the helpful, understanding friend of ex-convicts and of courtesans. But somehow he belongs in that setting of the Golden Gate. There is the tallness and the strength of the Sequoias in him; there is, or was, the suddenness of the California rains; there was in him something of the brutality of that still backward and often crude civilization which rides roughshod to its materialistic ends; and there is also in him the softness and appealingness, the insight and intuition of a woman. To the challenge of the essential goodness in him has leaped the goodness of thief and murderer, of the sin-stained woman and the hopeless opium fiend. In a period when personality and even personal force are disappearing from journalism one turns with joy to such a character. For, at least, Fremont Older has done and dared.

The Kansas Industrial Court—Gassed

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

KANSANS look with greater apprehension upon an approaching session of the State Legislature than upon the beginning of the tornado season. The passing of a twister is a mere spectacle to all but the unfortunates who chance to be directly in its path. The legislature generally sideswipes the whole State.

The session of the legislature just closed was a stormy one, but in viewing the damage wrought the citizen of Kansas is apt to return thanks to God for the circumstance that a legislature's chief characteristic, after all, is its ineffectiveness for good or ill. This Kansas Legislature set out to do a lot of harm, but it wasted so much time that the sum of its labors is not nearly as bad as one might have expected.

What of the Industrial Court? We Kansans have been led to believe that the world awaits the answer to this question with bated breath each morning before breakfast and demands an answer each Saturday night before it will take its bath. The answer is that the court is still with us, but not of us. It exists, as doubtless the Security League and the precession of the equinoxes exist, but who cares?

Governor Davis, who went into the governor's chair chiefly to abolish the Industrial Court, has not succeeded in abolishing it. But he has nullified, anaesthetized it. For instance, he has appointed to a vacant seat on the so-called court one Mr. Henderson Martin, who opposed Mr. Davis in the gubernatorial primary, seeking the Democratic nomination almost solely on the promise that he would, if elected, do everything in his power to destroy the Industrial Court. Mr. Davis made the same pledge, and was nominated and elected because he was a little better known to Kansas farmers than Mr. Martin. Governor Davis has named to another of the three industrial-court positions a Mr. Leo Goodrich, repeatedly and publicly pledged against the court and all its works. There is, however, a difference of opinion between the Governor and his political opponents as to whether this second chair has been vacated by the appointee of the former governor, and this question is about to be settled in the courts.

But whether the anti-industrial court Governor succeeds this month or next year in getting a majority of anti-court judges on the court is of no great practical importance. It was in and through the former governor that the Industrial Court lived and moved and had its being, such as it was, and the active hostility of the Governor elected by a tremendous majority on an anti-court platform has made the Industrial Court, once dreaded by Kansas labor as a frightful ogre, an entirely harmless group of three men drawing salaries.

Governor Davis in regular and special messages de-

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manded the repeal of the industrial-court law. But the enthusiastic electorate had overlooked a little detail in casting its big vote for a Democratic governor, pledged against the Industrial Court. It voted Republican, as usual, straight down the ticket, jumping to the Democratic side only in the case of the governor and a few legislators who had made the Industrial Court an issue. The result was a Democratic Governor with the usual Republican legislature. Republican politicians decreed that the Democratic Governor, an anomaly in Kansas politics, should be discredited in every way. As the repeal of the industrial-court law was the Governor's special hobby, the legislature would not repeal. Once the legislators passed through one house and almost passed through the other house a bill reducing the membership of the court to one judge, and practically shearing him of all power. That showed how the legislators really felt about the merits of the court. But friends of the Governor were indiscreet enough to give three rousing cheers for the practical abolition of the court, and the legislative majority quickly dropped the bill, sponsored by the Republican majority.

The appropriation for the Industrial Court for the next two years was made $77,900, barely enough to keep it alive, with a greatly reduced staff of experts, engineers, accountants, and other appendages. While but one case—a very unimportant one—was filed before the Industrial Court during the year next preceding the legislature's deliberations, a goodly sum of money had been expended, and the legislators were agreed that the appropriation for the next biennium should be made so low that there would be no chance for the industrial body to do any damage.

While the legislature was in session Judge C. W. Ryan, of the District Court at Hiawatha, dismissed fourteen cases brought against railroad laborers under the industrial-court law last summer, during the railroad-shop strike. The judge indicated that charges against thirty-five other shopmen, filed at the same time and under the same law, would be dismissed in May, when they come up for trial. These laborers were arrested during the Industrial Court's reign of terror, when William Allen White was arrested for posting in his window a placard indicating some sympathy with the strikers. The case against White also has been dismissed. Soon after taking office, Governor Davis had Alexander Howat and his fellow-officers of the miners' union released from jail. The present Governor has given every assurance that the industrial-court law will be a dead letter during his administration, and thus far has made good his assurances.

A survey of the work done by this most interesting Kansas Legislature indicates that it really did nothing but pass the necessary appropriation bills, a few unnecessary appropriation bills, mix political medicine, fight the Governor, and adjourn. Among the sums appropriated is an item of approximately $25,000 which is a present from the legislature to itself. This item, passed over the veto, furnished a cash sum of $150 to each legislator, in addition to his regular salary.

It was a Kansas governor who seriously suggested, some years ago, the abolition of the legislature by constitutional amendment. The idea, long dormant, is being revived. But most of the folk are disposed to accept the belief that such scourges as legislatures and tornadoes are manifestations of the will of God, and must be endured with what resignation may be summoned.

Second-Generation Aliens

By EUGENE LYONS

THE acute pains inevitable in the process of adjusting set alien habits of life into American forms are so palpable that even professional Americanizers sometimes recognize them. Occasionally they even take them into consideration in their schemes for reducing our heterogeneity to a standard. But in general the proponents of Americanization programs are frankly, proudly, conceitedly intent upon "breaking" the foreigners into good Americans. They take about as much heed of incidental discomforts to the objects of their solicitousness as does a ranch hand breaking in horses. The high-spirited among the aliens hold on to the heritage of their particular race and nation until such time as they see fit to accept that part of America which is compatible with whatever standards of beauty, justice, or utility they cherish. They sense in the overzealous Americanizer an assumption of superiority, a touch of the missionary spirit perhaps; they consequently become as openly hostile to the overtures as their courage warrants. They will accept no Greek gifts.

The meek, however, succumb. A real acceptance of a new set of habits being biologically impossible, they somehow achieve a surface conformity. In their new environment they find something loud, blatant, pugnacious, physically intense; an outer layer of qualities especially thick on their Americanized neighbors. This they adopt easily as their very own, not infrequently improving on them in point of virulence. The result is a distortion of the American character. That the alien populations in America themselves appreciate the absurdity of such facile Americanization is perhaps indicated by the fact that the foreign literatures produced in America—the plays and stories of American life in the Yiddish, Italian, or German tongues—so often use this type of American for comic relief. He is usually an overdressed, loud-speaking near-American, who uses nothing but execrable English and affects a passion for baseball and a superiority over his as yet unacclimated fellow-countrymen.

Yet, hard as may be the accommodation of the first generation of aliens to the American environment, it is not so tragic as that of the second generation. The Swede or Greek or Russian just arrived may retire into himself and into the group of which he is a part—tens of thousands of them do this despite the almost compulsory proselytism attempted from time to time. They remain essentially unchanged. But a deeper, more harrowing struggle awaits the child of alien parents born into an alien home in America. Unavoidably in school, in the streets, in the moving-picture theaters, in the cheap reading matter it finds that which the people at home cannot understand no matter how hard they try. The antithesis between home and America becomes sharper and sharper as the child grows older. Every attempt to carry the speech or the thought of the home into the outside world meets with ridicule.

Such an unnatural relationship is almost the normal in our alien communities, whether it be a shoe town in Massachusetts or a tenement district in New York. In numberless homes the children find themselves strangers, amused or disgusted strangers depending on their mentalities. A system of hypocritical makeshifts is forced upon the boys and girls whereby they seek to hide from their friends the

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nature of their lives at home and from their families the spirit of their lives outside the home. The tragedy lies in this: the child taught to spurn foreign ways renounces not only what is intrinsically objectionable in the home, but everything. The finest expressions of its parents' life experiences or racial traditions, sometimes the profoundest manifestations of religious or social idealism, it throws indiscriminately into the limbo of "foreign."

Anyone who has looked without blinking at life in our foreign sections can quote examples aplenty of young people unable to reconcile the two phases of their existence and encouraged arbitrarily by the educational mechanism to despise their alien families. It is easy to call attention to especially vicious instances of this situation. But possibly it is best to recount a case where the two traditions were harmonized after years of bitter misunderstanding.

A Lettish girl, whom we may call Catherine, grew up in a poor but exceptionally refined home. Her mother, of peasant origin, was a splendid type of the hard-working, socially minded woman, who was particularly active in the cooperative community efforts of the Letts in her vicinity. The bookshelf at home was stocked with the best in Lettish literature and representative translations from other literatures. Culture without superior airs, idealism without hysteria: such was the domestic atmosphere.

Coming into the world of school- and street-mates and gradually into the world of American movies and newspapers, Catherine encountered a point of view that was violently in conflict with the home atmosphere. The greater strength of the outside world determined her choice. She assumed the caricatured version of Americanism which was at hand; the underlying axiom of which is that everything foreign is hateful. It is an axiom sometimes expressed and always implied. She inevitably came to associate everything in her home with the reproachful term "foreign."

Sometimes her mother took her to a meeting in the Lettish Workers' House. There was fuss and friendliness and a holiday tone. There was idiomatic gossip and an exchange of memories of the old land. Being at heart like her mother, Catherine thrilled to the words of some speaker calling for justice and urging united effort toward some form or other of social amelioration. But the speech was in Lettish, the whole spirit was Lettish, and the girl felt ashamed of her emotions. It seemed to her almost an act of treachery, and certainly an admission of inferiority, to feel as these foreigners did. By dint of stifling her natural response she in time came to loathe these meetings, the books, the ideas, everything which seemed to her incongruous with the superficialities outside. The parents, being far above the average in tact and intelligence, did not increase the friction by any misguided attempt to force their views on their daughter. They even resorted to a pathetic make-believe interest in baseball, movies, jazz, and other current expressions of lowest-brow Americanism.

"What chance," the mother would say, "does a truth in Lettish stand against a lie in American slang?"

In all these years, of course, Catherine had met very few natural-born Americans. She had met the Americanized aliens, artificial products of a school system and an Americanization movement wherein a perverted patriotism is the guiding principle. She had lived with other aliens of the second generation as pitiably intimidated by their surroundings as she was. The America which separated her from her home was an exaggeration of the easily acquired grossness of our civilization. All agencies of public information, especially the schools and the press, conspired to reinforce this barrier.

Then a miracle happened. The wall suddenly crumbled which had stood between her and her parents, between her and the Lettish neighbors. The reconciliation was general, in that it not only brought Catherine back to her people, but brought them all closer to the heart of America. The miracle vouchsafed them the realization that they had a place in American life, a place where Americans deep-rooted in the land were their comrades. And this is how it came about:

By the sheerest chance Catherine, having completed a hurry-up commercial course, entered the employ of a liberal American editor. Her position brought her into contact for the first time with Americans of many generations who did not boast of the fact. She discovered with a joyous shock that some of them entertained ideas remarkably like those she had heard her mother express, and, moreover, that these ideas were not imported but the flower of a rich tradition distinctly American. She met Americans who strove for some shimmering "unpractical" goal which until that moment had been eminently "foreign" to her. She had Americans recommend books to her, and they turned out to be the very ones which were on the bookshelf at home, only in the English language. Discussions of abstract questions, a leisurely interest in things aside from their money value: these she discovered and they seemed to her a wonderful echo of her home. She was taken to a meeting by a young American and heard the same things said in English which had thrilled her in the Workers' House. Only now she felt no shame and no imperative need to suppress the thrill. It was as if something were released in her mind. She was no longer humiliated by certain responses to life around her. She developed a pride in some of the traditions that had been brought from across seas. She no longer quelched the indignations that rose in her breast against injustice. Talents and potentialities stifled in the past, because she had recognized them as closely related to the spirit of her parents, now had their chance. In her new American associates she found the strength to renounce as false the bluster and jazz which had meant America.

Catherine, except for minor changes, is not a fiction. But she *is* an exception. Most aliens of the second generation either yield to home influences and resign themselves to being strangers in the land despite their American birth; or they go through life flaunting a lop-sided Americanism predicated upon conformity with the least worthy manifestations in the national life. No one troubles to teach them that in basic matters such as the yearning for an approximation of truth or beauty, there are no race and national lines. Instead of being stimulated to develop the best in themselves, they are taught to imitate the worst in others. Sometimes they stumble across the truth, inadvertently.

Contributors to This Issue

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Goodby, Mr. Lasker

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

MOST volunteers from our business life into our public life arrive in Washington with a bang and depart unnoted and unthanked. They are heralded as being about to perform miracles of businesslike reorganization in a political Washington, and they go away and Washington is as political as before. Now Mr. Lasker is about to go away and I hold that he at least deserves a sympathetic verbal escort to the train.

Like everybody else in Washington, Mr. Lasker is a much misunderstood man. In the first place, he is credited with having originated the ship-subsidy bill, except in so far as it is supposed to have been originated by a greedy and grasping lobby of ship-owners. The number of absolutely ascertainable and indubitably verifiable facts in the world is small. Among them, however, I with confidence set down this one: The ship-subsidy bill was not originated by any lobby and was not originated by Mr. Lasker but was the product of the native impulses and spontaneous tendencies of the thriving seaport of Marion, Ohio, as exemplified in the personality and philosophy of Warren Gamaliel Harding.

I long have endeavored without success to obtain credence for this fact. It seems to be supposed that presidents and senators and congressmen and cabinet members cannot have obvious thoughts on familiar problems unless they are suggested to them by the whispers of the wicked. I happen to know that when Mr. Harding began talking about a ship subsidy in the days when he was still only a candidate for the presidency he thereby gave Mr. Lasker a thought that was quite new to Mr. Lasker. Mr. Harding was the teacher and Mr. Lasker was the pupil in this matter. It then most naturally—and in accordance with approved precedent—developed that the pupil soon surpassed the teacher in zeal.

This process was not retarded by any coolness on Mr. Lasker's part toward the President's personal fortunes. It has often been asked just why it is that Mr. Lasker has so deeply attracted the President's confidence. One excellent reason is that every president, being a man with fortunes of his own before him as well as a chief magistrate with the fortunes of the republic on his back, necessarily seeks the society and the counsel especially of those whose personal loyalty to him is unquestioned and unquestionable.

The mystery of Mr. Lasker's intimacy with the President, like virtually all of Washington's mysteries, is no mystery. Mr. Lasker comes into Republican national politics in the year 1920 with wealth, amusing conversation, intense vitality, a habit of playing golf, an inclination to play bridge, a capacity for remembering stories and a talent for telling them, an aversion toward the League of Nations, a conviction that wage-earners should earn wages and leave the spinning of the world on its axis to others, a business judgment not so statistical as Mr. Hoover's, a personal charm not so austere as Mr. Hughes's, a profound interest and enjoyment in sitting up and being companionable long after Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hughes have retired to their studies—and there we are! The mystery would be if such a man did *not* become an intimate of the President's.

Innocent, accordingly, of having initiated the President's shipping policy, and innocent also of having needed to commend himself to the President by the possession of any sinister array of subterranean influences, Mr. Lasker has lived through his time in Washington not as lobbyist and not as politician but as good companion, faithful friend, trusted colleague, and conscientious and enthusiastic defender of the presidential impulses and purposes.

A loyal and compelling personality and an acute and vehement business intelligence—these have been Mr. Lasker's virtues, not without producing in him a certain tincture of corresponding defects. Deciding that from the business standpoint the American merchant marine was today in need of a temporary hypodermic injection of governmental assistance, and perceiving that the heart of his friend Warren Harding was fondly set upon the accomplishment of that operation, Mr. Lasker sometimes lost sight of the political difficulties intervening. His business training taught him that if you persuaded a man that a thing was a good thing to buy he would buy it. He therefore set out to carry conviction to the doubters of the economic value of a ship subsidy. He attempted to pass the ship-subsidy bill simply on its merits. The political fact was that even had the merits of the bill been ten times what they were the bill could not have been passed except through the formation and promotion of a comprehensive Republican Party legislative program based on the immortal principle of give-and-take. For that task of conciliating and combining all elements by giving them a common road to their several political necessities the President had an indisposition and Mr. Lasker an inexperience. Mr. Lasker made remarkable progress promoting ship subsidy in Washington as an idea. He never really was within striking distance of achieving the situation which would make the bill into a senatorial political desirability.

Purists, who are above the arts of political manipulation, may regard Lasker's failure as crowned with laurels. He fought a fight for an unpopular issue with honorable and unavailing weapons. Never at any time did the shipowners with all their alleged lobby get him any votes. On the contrary the mere allegation of the existence of the lobby cost him votes. He argued, and then he argued, and afterwards he argued some more; and that was just about all; and now he is going back to things like puffed wheat that can be sold by argument.

He had determined to go back to them in any case. Washington will be less vivid. Lasker's impetuous crowded words, which come so fast that they seem to escape coming in sequence and seem to arrive abreast; his rapid pauses, during which by a series of abrupt wordless ejaculations he seems to try to clear the crossing for a new traffic jam of further rushing words; his glowing physical good humor; his amazing insight into commerce; his appalling ignorance of labor; his buoyant conviction that everybody should make his own way in the world; his absolutely consistent conviction that the inheritance tax should be placed so drastically high that the sons of rich fathers would be coerced into making their own way in the world; his instant sincere sympathies; his prompt sincere dislikes; his absurd emotionality over the personal encounters in that cold-blooded chess game, politics—well, it may be well that you are going, Albert Lasker. Some people say that you are a bad man. I will say that Washington could make you worse—much worse.

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The Sugar Robbery

By BASIL M. MANLY

IN order to understand the underlying causes of the present high prices of sugar, it is necessary to have in mind a number of facts:

1. There is no sugar shortage, but on the contrary an unusually heavy production, particularly in this Hemisphere.

2. The rise in prices has taken place since February 10, 1923, following the issuance of a statement by the Department of Commerce, which in the form given to the press bore the heading: "Trend of World Sugar Production and Consumption. Production for 1923 only 125,000 tons higher than last year. Consumption needs estimated at 725,000 tons above production." The statement made no reference to the record size of the crop, and the only allusion to the fact that at the end of the year there will be a carry-over of 476,000 tons was contained in a small table inconspicuously printed in the middle of a long text statement.

3. On the morning of February 9 a prominent New York refiner sent a telegram to Secretary of Commerce Hoover urging that this statement should not be issued, as rumors of its "bullish" character were already afloat in the market. No attention, apparently, was paid to this urgent request.

4. This press statement, which was originally released for the morning papers of Monday, February 12, was prematurely made public on the afternoon of Friday, February 9, by the representative of a New York market news agency. Only one press association received notification of the premature release, and it sent the story out as a sensational sugar-shortage prediction, printed on February 10.

5. When the New York Sugar Exchange opened on Saturday, February 10, it was flooded with buying orders, many of which from distant cities apparently could not have been sent after the statement was published in the morning newspapers, but must have been based on "inside information."

6. As a result of the shortage statement from the Department of Commerce in the morning papers and the flood of buying orders, the sugar market went so wild on the morning of February 10 that the exchange had to be closed, because the market fluctuations had exceeded the prescribed limit for any single day.

7. The reporter who wrote the sugar-shortage story for the press association resigned on Saturday, February 10, before any complaints were made, and left Washington.

8. On Tuesday, February 13, Secretary Hoover issued a statement that there was no sugar shortage.

9. The market did not collapse, as might have been expected by those who attributed its rise solely to the shortage statement of the Department of Commerce, but continued to rise steadily during the next six weeks.

10. The sugar-market journals report that the large producers of Cuban sugar, who control at least two-thirds of the output, have not been selling raw sugar, but have been buying any lots offered by the smaller interests below the prevailing market.

11. It is also stated that several powerful New York banks which own or control Cuban sugar companies and therefore have a direct interest in the promotion of high prices for sugar, have been liberal in providing loans for sugar speculators on the "bull" side of the market.

12. On March 4 Senator Brookhart's resolution for a thorough investigation of the sugar industry was blocked by Administration forces, under the leadership of Senators Smoot and Curtis. Senator Calder, who is chairman of the Committee on Audit to which the Brookhart resolution was referred, offered to reveal to Senator La Follette the influences which were blocking investigation if he would regard it as confidential, but La Follette refused to receive the information under such conditions.

13. Following the exposure of the situation by the People's Legislative Service in a letter to President Harding, the price of sugar began to decline.

14. This decline was checked by an announcement, reported in the New York papers of April 5, by Federal District Attorney Hayward that he had discovered nothing criminal in the sugar situation. Since that time the price has again advanced rapidly to its highest point this year.

From this chain of facts several important conclusions can be deduced. It appears quite clear that however the Department of Commerce statement came to be prepared in such form that it was interpreted as a shortage prediction, the fact that it was to appear was known in advance and was hailed by sugar-market operators as an opportunity for a strong "bull" movement. It is also clear that this price-boosting movement was not based simply on the Department of Commerce statement, but was supported by forces strong enough to withstand the official denial of a shortage and to buy any sugar thrown on the market by small holders.

The People's Legislative Service, of which I am director, has urged the President to direct the Department of Justice to investigate this situation, not with any illusion that such investigations, even if followed by the usual Department of Justice prosecutions, would afford permanent cure for the manipulation of this important article of food, but solely with the idea that it might possibly have the effect of saving American households several hundred million dollars of excessive profits which will have to be paid if present prices continue. The Department of Justice has officially stated that it has been investigating the sugar situation since February 27, but its representative who called on me about March 22 did not even know the names of any of the most important sugar companies.

Regardless of what the Department of Justice may do this entire situation will be thoroughly investigated by the next Congress. The progressives have announced their intention of driving special privilege out of control of government, and there is perhaps no field quite so promising as the sugar industry for a sensational revelation of the part which special privilege plays in the processes of both the legislative and executive departments.

A Reply

(The Nation *sent Mr. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, a copy of Mr. Manly's article, offering him an opportunity to reply. Just before going to press it received by telephone from Washington the following statement from Mr. Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Affairs, Department of Commerce.*)

THE sugar survey issued by this Department on February 9 has been the subject of a vast amount of deliberate misrepresentation by speculators and others with ulterior motives. The facts show the utter absurdity of ascribing to the Department any responsibility for the recent uncertainties in sugar

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Books

Changing England

England After War. By Charles F. G. Masterman. Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.

IT is not necessary to possess the detachment of the foreign observer to become aware of the changes that are passing over English life. In certain respects, indeed, the native has the best opportunity of estimating them. While some of these changes are written so large on the very face of the country that the tourist of a day can discern them, there are others, and those not the least significant, that scarcely reveal themselves except to an Englishman whose intimate and detailed knowledge of national affairs affords him precise data for comparisons. Mr. Masterman is exceptionally well qualified for the role of a social and political cicerone. He has supplemented his early experiences as a social worker—there was a period of nine years when he lived in a verminous block dwelling in a London slum—by a distinguished political career as a member of Parliament and a minister of the Crown. His work, too, as a journalist, has brought him in close touch with the life of the people at many points. He has a background, moreover, of scientific, literary, and historical studies which enables him to connect events with their true causes and saves him from being misled by the superficial aspects of passing phenomena.

Mr. Masterman's credentials are enhanced by the reminder that he realized how things were tending long before the catastrophe broke. His book on "The Condition of England," published fourteen years ago, was pronounced by the critics to be too pessimistic. In one of its chapters, The Illusion of Security, he expressed his own amazement at the familiar optimism which then dominated the country. The justification his warnings have since received entitles him to be listened to with the more attention today when he attempts to sum up and analyze the differences the war has made.

In the first place, there is the passing of feudalism. Mr. Masterman follows up an admirable description of the merits and failings of the English aristocracy by a graphic account of what he calls "the greatest change which has ever occurred in the history of the land of England since the days of the Norman Conquest, with the possible exception of the gigantic robberies of the Reformation." This is being effected not by confiscation but by enormous taxation. In his opinion, one of the permanent results of this "squeeze" will be the collapse of British agriculture. Rural England is destined to become, in Kingsley's famous words, "the yard where the gentlemen play." Mr. Masterman does not, however, countersign Bernard Shaw's prophecy of an England of lodginghouse-keepers and trained guides pointing out to visiting crowds the places where Shakespeare lived or Gladstone died.

The plight of the middle class is the subject of a sympathetic but caustic discussion. Mr. Masterman satirically commends this class for its "political generosity." Alike in dark fortune and in bright it has always voted Tory, though no Tory government has ever given it any help or even seemed to be aware of its existence. Mr. Masterman directs some pointed shafts against the middle-class hostility to labor, which is largely the product of a grotesque misconception of what labor really is. Possibly his forecast is too gloomy when he predicts that suburbia will never break its allegiance to the powers above in order to unite with the powers below. There are surely many signs that the pressure of hard times is helping the professional classes to realize, albeit slowly, that their true economic interests link them with the workingman rather than with the employer. Their traditional snobbishness may yet give way when they discover that cooperation with labor offers the sole means of escape from the fate of being crushed beneath the burden of high prices and increased taxation. The recent by-elections testify that many blind eyes are being opened.

While himself friendly to labor, Mr. Masterman has no illusions about it. He recognizes that economic theories count for little in the working-class mind. The masses of the people do not wish to revolt against "the tyranny of the capitalistic system." They know nothing and care nothing about guild or any other socialism. If they vote for labor candidates it is not from any desire for the nationalization of anything but because they see that the rich have certain of the desirable things of life and they have not got them. They want to get them now even more than they did before the war, because they believe, and rightly, that they did as much to win the war as the rich themselves. Mr. Masterman justly attributes much working-class discontent to the "capitalistic" press, which scatters by the million pictures and articles conveying the impression that the life of the upper classes is nothing but a round of luxury and self-indulgence. For the working population of the great cities, as a whole, he has an intense admiration. He eulogizes their generosity, their good humor, their patience, their comradeship, and sums it all up in the verdict, "What great gentlemen they are!"

Mr. Masterman gives us a penetrating and discriminating analysis of English patriotism. The Englishman hates the state, which represents to him every type of meddlesome and fussy interference with his own activities. Nor has he the Frenchman's devotion to the soil of his native country. No nationality emigrates voluntarily with so little compunction. Mr. Masterman reaches the conclusion that the Englishman's patriotism is of race and not of soil. He suggests, indeed, the paradox that the only sense of the sacredness of the "land" revealed in the war by the English people was their sense of the sacredness of the sea. "The sea," he says, "is, in reality, the home of the people of this little island." And the unity of the empire is being preserved today, to quote another paradox of a great English poet, by the "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."

There are further illuminating chapters on such varied topics as the profiteer, the decline of the birth-rate, the effect of scientific invention, the popular indifference to the churches, and the expression of contemporary feeling by such writers as Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, and Shaw. In this volume Mr. Masterman shows himself the master of a more vivid style than that of his earliest books. He writes with a sustained eloquence that does not become tedious, as eloquent writing so often does. And his pages are lit up everywhere with literary and historical parallels and allusions that add greatly to their interest and value.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Devil's Disciple

Our Mr. Wrenn. The Trail of the Hawk. The Job. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2 each.
Blackguard. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Covoci-McGee. $2.

IT was a consuming, cleansing anger which gave force to the now famous works of Sinclair Lewis, and hence these earlier, better tempered novels raise a question: What was it that brought him suddenly to the end of his patience? The Main Street of Gopher Prairie and the Main Street of the metropolis had been long familiar to him. Mr. Wrenn and the heroine of "The Job" move in a world of Babbitts; "The Hawk" sprang from a Gopher Prairie, and yet though there are many touches of the later manner, the first two of these books are optimistic and almost tolerant. Was the last straw laid on when, as a current story had it, one of his fellow-townsmen remarked genially, "Well, Sinclair, I hear you've gone into the printing business—printed two books already they say," or did the well-known market value of sweetness and light have something to do with early optimism? Neither of these explanations seems quite adequate and I suspect that the reason lies deeper.

Take the case of Mr. Wrenn. Mere clerk for a novelty firm though he was, he dreamed; he longed for travel in strange lands; when he saw the brick Gothic of the General Theological

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Seminary at the end of a vista of elevated tracks he thrilled, and hence Mr. Lewis, himself a romantic, hugged him to his bosom. He fancied that he had caught there the soul of Main Street and that behind the dull wall of business routine romance was struggling to break through. But disillusion waited around the corner. The more Mr. Lewis saw of the Mr. Wrenns the more he became convinced that in actual life they preferred Morningside apartments to the best Gothic, and that far from rebelling they were quite content with their unregenerate state. And so, though up to that point Mr. Lewis had been half a good American himself, he revolted. Like the good preacher that he is, he abandoned the genial manner suitable in addressing the saved and launched into that denunciation which made, or should have made, the wicked tremble in their pews. The transformation of manner, half accomplished in "The Job," is complete in "Main Street" and "Babbitt." His was the fury of a patient man.

Irritated by the unremitting didactism of the later books it would be easy for one to say that "Our Mr. Wrenn" with its genial humor, broad sympathy, and lively story interest is the best of the author's books, but it isn't. Its facile compromise with popular philosophy and the conventionality of its fictional form mark it unmistakably for what it is—'prentice work. It was not until genuine anger caused him to do what a good writer always does, namely, break the conventional mold and create a form of his own, that Mr. Lewis could say clearly and forcibly what he had to say. Whether or not the form of his two successful books is aesthetically good or bad is not here the question. Beyond a doubt it is a triumph for the author in one way at least, for it is the form perfectly adapted for the expression of his ideas.

The critic of the ideas in current fiction must perforce spend much of his time in discussing merely two questions: What does the hero rebel against and how does he do it? Yet the variety possible between these limits is greater than might be thought. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Bodenheim, for example, have really very little in common, for "Blackguard" has distinction both in content and in manner. It does not attempt to compete in wealth of realistic detail with the daily growing pile of novels which describe the revolt, now mild and now ferocious, of disgruntled youth. It attempts rather to distil the essence of the psychology of the situation, to match in more or less abstract terms the will to poetry against the will to material success, Apollo and Dionysus against the great god of Getting On. And whereas Lewis's rough-and-ready writing sometimes reflects rather too accurately the vulgarity of his scene, Mr. Bodenheim's style is fastidious sometimes to the point of preciosity. He substitutes for the downrightness of Lewis's preaching the supercilious aloofness of a cynic and revels in a fantastic indirectness of phrase which is nearly always intriguing though now and then boresome. Being a poet and hence accustomed to pack every line with meaning, he has carefully wrought and occasionally overwrought every sentence. Phrases rich in significance like the following, "work and sleep, sleep and work—twin brothers of man's inadequacy," abound, and on the whole the successes far outnumber the failures. When, to take two more examples, his parents came to the end of their patience with the hero "they felt that their period of uneasy indulgence had ended, and words trooped from them in righteously redundant regiments," and when the frustrated but self-righteous mother came into conflict with her son's ambition she is described as "a woman whose emotions, garrulously bitter because of the material strait-jackets in which they had writhed for years, were ever determined to exalt their bondage, if only to win relief from pain." Fantastic as such turns of expression are they have an accuracy, a completeness, and a finality which give them all of the elements of a perfect phrase —except perhaps the element of simplicity. There will be many who will quarrel with Mr. Bodenheim on account of the general drift of his ideas, but there can be no doubt that few writers can give so sustained an exhibition of intellectual dexterity.

The poet-hero, Carl, begins consciously as a devil's disciple. Knowing that whatever the intangible thing he seeks is it has nothing to do with ordinary life either on its ugliest side of money-getting or on the comelier side of family life and affection, he puts fifteen dollars of his father's money in his pocket, calmly assumes for himself the epithet "blackguard," and goes his way. Since society is organized for the benefit of people whose whole aim in life is different from his, and since these people make the rules, he recognizes no obligation to their standards. Transvaluating values, he puts his ego before everything else; good and evil seem to him only "unfair scarecrows that slipped from the huge indifference of his surroundings and demanded an attention which they were unwilling to give in return." For a time Carl works as a laborer and resists the allurements of the flesh, "this wearisome game of advancing and retreating flesh, always trying to lend importance to an essential monotone." Then he publishes poems, engages in several love affairs, and ends in temporary union with a prostitute—a conclusion which may be mystical but which I prefer to take only as a final ironical gesture of futility. It is a mad book and of course it "gets nowhere," but it is full of genuine passion in its frank confronting of the ideals of order and of tumult. The rebel ends in the gutter; his parents he finds "sitting and standing in two of the few postures that life still absentmindedly allowed them—bending over newspaper and frying-pan."

All rebellion is a sort of romanticism and hence Mr. Lewis and Mr. Bodenheim are both romantic, but a great difference lies between the depth of their discontents. There is in the writings of the former nothing but common sense, for his ideal of the good society is a tangible, easily imagined one. He belongs with the sociologists and the propounders of an educational program, whereas Mr. Bodenheim belongs with the poets whose discontent goes deeper than a mere discontent with the present state of culture. Like all absolute idealists he beats against the limitations of the human animal itself, seeking for that absolute beauty and absolute freedom of which any attainable beauty or attainable freedom seems only an unsubstantial shadow. Mr. Lewis's ideal is of a perfectly possible and attainable America, but it has the defect of all possible and attainable things. Mr. Bodenheim's aspirations are of the sort necessarily doomed to all failures except the failure of aspiration and desire. The one seeks a new social order, the other seeks only the chaos within and the dancing star.

J. W. KRUTCH

Stamboul

Constantinople Today: or the *Pathfinder Survey of Constantinople, a Study in Oriental Social Life.* Under the direction of Clarence Richard Johnson. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THIS book describes the results of the first effort ever made to carry out a sociological survey in the city of Constantinople. It consists of eleven chapters, each written by a different author and each giving the data gained in a specialized survey by that author. The work was done during the armistice, beginning October, 1920, and officially closing May 25, 1921.

The first chapter offers a fine and accurate historical sketch of the city, prepared by Fred F. Goodsell, who was generously assisted by Gertrude E. Knox from the department of history at Constantinople Woman's College. The historical setting thus prepared for the succeeding chapters furnishes in itself a valuable result of scholarship and research. Dr. Wm. W. Peet follows with an exhaustive picture of government details drawn from his own rich experience.

Among the remaining chapters is that written by Major C. Clafflin Davis, who was sent here early in the armistice at the head of the American Red Cross activities. Major Davis well describes the efficient means used to straighten out the

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social tangle caused by the rush of foreign elements into the city. There are also interesting statements in the chapter on Community Organization by Elizabeth Dodge Huntington, relating to the mosques and to the use of the *efkaf* or holy funds of the Moslem administration. The book gives a good idea of the conglomeration of independent elements that compose the city, between which cohesion is impossible.

Since this survey was made, however, this state of things has been greatly intensified and the survey does not now represent existing conditions. There is probably no other city in the world where such sudden and graphic changes have ever altered the whole constitution of the government and the relation to each other of the various elements of the city in such a short time. The last sultan has left the throne of Islam; the Moslem church and state have been separated; a caliph has been appointed to represent the religious side only; the Greek and Armenian patriarchs and other heads of religious communities, if they remain in the city, will stand for religious interests alone.

Recent exchanges of population between Turks and Greeks have also affected the numbers of the different nationalities in the city itself, and have brought about changes in all the activities described in the survey—national, religious, industrial, and philanthropic. The alteration in the whole system of the sultan's government extends furthermore into all the elements of daily life. These remarkable changes, however, do not destroy the value of the survey. Its historical statements stand unquestioned, and the different activities reported in detail form in themselves suggestions for examination into present conditions. A series of frequent surveys of the same character in the years to come on the historical basis of the present book would be most desirable, and Professor Clarence Richard Johnson may well be congratulated on the success of the first effort in this direction.

Constantinople, March 1 MARY MILLS PATRICK

Anima Cortese Mantovana

Virgil and His Meaning to the World of Today. By J. W. Mackail. Marshall Jones Company. $1.50.

NOT long since a breezy "Educator"—one of the finer blossoms that our cis-Atlantic culture is so wont to nourish—was regaling himself, if not his audience, with a vigorous onslaught upon the classics. (This, formerly a favorite indoor sport of the enlightened at educational meetings, seems to have given place of late to advocacy of the egregious Sterling-Towner Bill.) Loftily this prophet of light assessed the classical inheritance in terms of its best-known writers, assigning to Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil each his proper place. Virgil, he assured the world, was a second-rate poet.

Yet there comes now from unenlightened Albion a fascinating appreciation, by no less a person than Mackail, who, sinning grievously in company with a multitude of critics from Horace to Sainte-Beuve and Saintsbury, assures us that Virgil is "a prince of poets," a "lord of language," as Tennyson calls him, "a consummate artist," and that "he is, by general and indeed universal consent, one of the five or six chief poets of the world." Not, apparently, by the consent of the American educator already mentioned! For him Mackail would drop a tear as did Sainte-Beuve's artist for the *étranger* who had the hardihood to voice criticism of the Belvidere Apollo. Whom then shall we believe? We are sure, at any rate, not only that Mackail has read the poet, but that his estimate is based on deep knowledge of him; he brings, moreover, to his task undeniable talents of criticism and of appreciation. We are grateful to the editors of the series Our Debt to Greece and Rome for the happy arrangement by which we have, from the author of the brilliant sketch of Latin literature of twenty-five years ago, the "Springs of Helicon," and the Oxford Lectures on Poetry, this delightful essay. From the satisfying definition of poetry on the first page—"the expression, in patterns of words, of the instinct and effort of mankind to discover, to disengage, and to fix the essential truth and beauty which underlie the confused appearances of life"—to the final chapter on the style and diction of the poet, strikingly short and compressed, is writing worthy of author and of subject.

The chapter on the Rome and Italy of the poet's time, and that dealing with his actual life, are brief; they do not essay the treatment of disputed questions or the interpretation of the passages in Donatus and the other ancient sources so inviting to scholarly conjecture. Indeed this function of Virgilian criticism was, only last year, soundly performed by Frank, whose well-wrought and stimulating biography forms a timely complement to the literary critique of Mackail.

Latin poetry, the introduction reminds us, is one of the great incarnations of the endless world-movement of poetry; its classics are not only significant as models of poetic art in themselves, but they are in the direct line of our ancestry: a "vital constructive element in an English literature." The poet Gray is quoted: "The descent of poetry has been from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England." Classics like Virgil "have not a mere historical value or a mere antiquarian interest." They "actually grow in vitality and significance with the process of time, as they absorb and incorporate into themselves an added volume of intermediate imagination and significance." "They are at once set in perspective by distance and enriched by history; they are something new and something different." Their colors "tone rather than fade."

Estimating the poet's significance as one of the really great forces in poetry, Mackail points out that Virgil like Dante was the chief exponent and interpreter of the aims and ideals of his age. "Standing at the junction between two worlds, he looked before and after—he became not only the voice of Rome, *Romanus Vergilius*, but the poet and prophet of mankind." The development of his art is traced from the Eclogues—"the manifesto of a new poetry—introducing into Western Europe a new poetical form of convention." The Georgics are fitly said to embody an ideal—an imaginative vision—that of a life at peace with itself and in harmony with nature. Of their art the writer assures us that "perhaps no poetry has ever been written which combines in such perfection richness of color with purity of line, which is so exquisite in its transitions and so suave in its modulations, so smoothly gliding and nobly sustained—peace seems to rest upon it." Chapters VII to X discuss the Æneid—its design and structure as epic, its human element, permanent and vital, and its ideal: the Italo-Roman ideal—fusion of Roman strength with Italian piety—to be the light and life of the world. The structure of the poem, according to Mackail, is not "a bastard mixture" of Latin Iliad and a Latin Odyssey, but an organic unity. Eloquently he stresses its human sympathy: in no other poetry "is there so deep a sense of the beauty and sorrow of life, of keen remembrance and shadowy hope, and, enfolding all, of infinite pity." Yet in this "majestic sadness" breathes a note of hope—almost of faith, in—

> "Life . . . energy of love
> Divine or human; exercised in pain,
> In strife, and tribulation; and ordained
> If so approved and sanctified, to pass
> Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

The vitalizing power of Virgil's genius is traced through the later Roman age to Dante, who took from him, "as one torch kindling from another," the long-lost *belle stile*, to pass it to the hands of Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, to Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson. The poet's vision "of a single world-commonwealth, and of the fulfilment of the divine purpose in an ordered and universal peace" is now, and will permanently remain, a living inspiration. In a book so excellent as this the task of the reviewer is rather to quote than to criti-

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cize or assess values. The standard here set for the writers of the remaining volumes of the series is a high one, not easily to be reached. It is a pity that the editors' introduction—as in the previous volumes—is marred by downright infelicities.

A. H. RICE

The Politics of Eternity

The Interpreters. By A. E. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

POETRY, politics, and philosophy are by no means so dissevered in essence as they frequently are in practice, and it is a rare exhilaration to find a book which is a sincere and passionate fusion of the three. A. E. is one of the few living writers who could accomplish the feat. It is impossible offhand to think of any other literary man in this generation whose life has been at once that of a mystic philosopher and a revolutionary publicist, an intense poet and active politician. "The Interpreters" is that rare thing in philosophy, sustained and sensitive reflection upon a subject matter no less intimate and real than the author's own experience.

Not often outside the dialogues of Plato, and scarcely anywhere in recent philosophical literature, does one find ideas so completely dramatized. The nearest analogue is G. Lowes Dickinson's "Modern Symposium," but beautiful as that is in its clarity and in its setting it is not bathed as is "The Interpreters" in so suffusing an atmosphere of ideas touched with emotion. The characters are rebels against an imagined world state whose empire and ideal are marked by world-wide uniformity. They are caught on the verge of a successful revolution and are thrown into the arsenal which they have barely failed to capture. In the lurid light of a city patrolled by the wandering beacons of imperial aircraft and imperial shells these doomed prisoners elect to spend their remaining hours before execution at dawn in revealing to each other the roots of the ideals for which they have dared to die. For these are not ordinary social reformers in whose literary programs lurk no spiritual meanings, and in whose narrow perception of means gleams no heaven of deeply conceived ends. These have rebelled not against a polity but against a spirit, a spirit which each feels himself to have derived as an imperative vision from the living essence of things.

There are four chief characters in the symposium: Leroy, the intense individualist, ironic skeptic sustained by his Dark Angel in his anarchism; there is Lavelle, the heaven-haunted poet in whose verse the old gods and myths of his nation live reincarnate; there is Culain, the pity-impassioned doctrinaire of the socialistic brotherhood of man; and finally, Heyt, the imperialist, thrown in with the rebels by mistake, who finds in complete uniformity the flawless fruition of things. Each of these insists, whatever be his gospel and technique of salvation, that it is simply the articulation in him of that vital being which constitutes the universe. Lavelle, the poet, whose rhythmic fire has stirred the nationalistic renaissance of his people, finds that the Earth Spirit, the universal mother, expresses its life in the native and indigenous vitalities of incommensurable cultures. Leroy hears in whispers from his Dark Angel that the spirit of things must be realized through innumerable individual facets of free untempered being.

Just as Plato, after careful pages of dialectic, expresses the drift and sense of his idea in a myth, a kind of poetic apocalypse in which logical distinction is blurred in the convincingness of an ambient atmosphere of faith, so here. There are, wrapped in this exaltation, two major convictions, both dubious empirically, but both deeply true to the essential idealism of man. The first is that political creeds derive their meaning if not their origin from a spiritual insight deeper than the external facts and programs with which they are ostensibly dealing. The second is the insistence that all living thought and vital emotion derive from a universal life, that the cosmos is the source of all the varied flowers of faith that come to fulness in the human spirit. Neither of these poetic dogmas is literally true. Indeed it is precisely the lack of spiritual subsoil that alienates many a sensitive mind from political activity and allegiance. And it is the noncommittal brutality of the universe that has driven open-eyed idealists to seek their inspiration elsewhere than in blank universality. No one, perhaps, but a Celtic poet could have written a book on politics in the spirit of a Neo-Platonic mystic (the book, by the way, is dedicated to Stephen MacKenna, "for his noble translation of Plotinus"). Perhaps no one but a man brought up on Irish folk-lore could believe so tenderly in the lyric goodness of things. In any case, it would be hard to find in contemporary literature so moving and magical an essay in "relating the politics of time to the politics of eternity." And this most Platonic symposium is written in a prose tuned to the grandeur of its theme and its intention.

IRWIN EDMAN

Russia's Calvary

The Road to Calvary. By Alexey Tolstoy. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IN his present novel, treating of the Russian scene over a period of twelve years up to the Russian Revolution of 1917, Alexey Tolstoi has turned about to the comprehensive *largo* method of his great predecessors in Russian fiction, to that of his namesake and Dostoevski. Like them he is surcharged with a vibrant sense of the clouded beauty and pity of human destiny; like them, too, he is in no way timorous when he feels moved to speak out in his own person about persons, events, and things. To him naked objectivity is a secondary matter. He is of course quite right, for where there is so much windy gusto, unflecked vision, and penetrative insight into human lives and events, the question of formal detachment or so-called architectonics becomes almost negligible. Let us take, as an instance, the following explanation of the breakdown of Western civilization in the late war. He is speaking of the equivocal obscurity of the aims involved.

"The cause of the obscurity," he says, "lay chiefly in the fact that the peoples of at least four great Powers desired war, not the war we have just been through, but war as a riddance from the hopeless accumulation of things. For the half century of European peace, state machinery, military and despotic by nature, set itself the task not of increasing man's happiness, not of developing his spiritual side in love and good-will, but of making him produce the greatest number of things in the shortest possible time. These things were often unwanted by those who made them, those who caused them to be made, and those who acquired them."

Count Tolstoi lays bare, under a moving finger of sharp ironical light, the utter sterility of the debile civilization, sick unto death, which immediately preceded the war and the revolution: the "unhousel'd" posturing of intellectual clans who held weekly salons which they called "blasphemies"—"pour épater le bourgeois," to be sure; the founding of a literary and art review which was given the jejune name of the *Dish of the Gods*, and faddish soirées where only the most advanced movements in art and politics were discussed. As a symbol of the thinness of the period one of the leading characters in the book, a poet of distinction, is limned as writing his poetry merely out of an indescribable sense of boredom, purely as a time-killer in the intervals between one light love affair and another. The irony in this portion of the book is desolating; but it is implicitly given; thus the author shows that he can handle a lithe rapier as well as a knotted cudgel whenever he chooses.

It is this fusion of aplomb and rare subtlety that makes Count Tolstoi such an interesting writer; he is full of ripe gusto, which he manages to communicate at once to the reader, as well as, despite his edged critical talent, his own surrender

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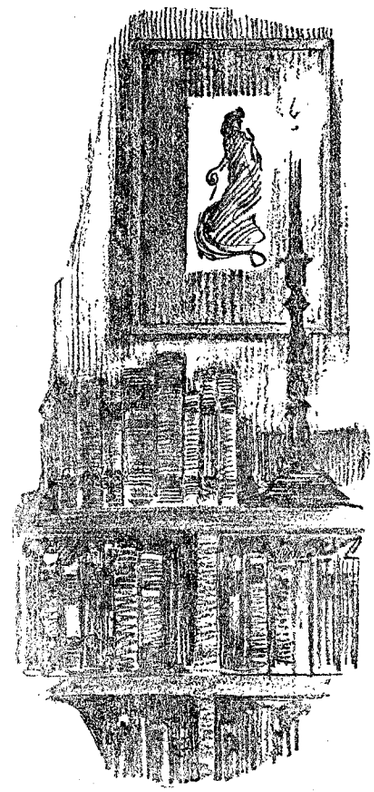

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to the multiplex seduction of just being alive in the world. His grasp of his people is firm, decisive, and convincing. There is, for example, Dasha, the restless but judgmatical virgin, who disapproves of other people's lives simply because she has never lived herself. There is Katia, the unhappy wife who drowns her unslaked heart in petty trifles. There is, again, Bezsonov, the pale-blooded weary poet who drags his watery lethargy with pale agony through the long day. There is, too, Ivan, perhaps *l'homme moyen sensuel*, upon whom Russia must count a good deal in her hour of need; and finally, behind all these, including also several revolutionists, steadfast as the grain-bearing steppes, looms the slow-witted incalculable Russian peasant. Of him, who is truly body and soul of Russia, Count Tolstoi yields us perhaps the last word. " . . . Morally," he makes one of his characters say, "the Slavs represent something quite new and in a sense highly dangerous to European civilization, the type of God-seeker. And God-seeking . . . is a negation and destruction of modern civilization. I seek God, that is, the truth within myself. For this purpose I must be free, so I destroy the moral foundations beneath which I am buried and I destroy the state which keeps me in chains. Why can't I lie, steal, kill? Tell me. You think the truth lies only in the good. But I will go and kill purposely and cross the most painful thing of all, conscience, and will find truth in despair."

PIERRE LOVING

Drama

Enigma

MR. MAURICE SWARTZ'S production of Andreev's "Anathema" has been brought uptown to the Forty-eighth Street Theater. English has been substituted for Yiddish; a very general and very excellent recasting has been made. Mr. Swartz plays the part of David Leizer, and his profile as, half earth-bound, half visionary, he raises his face toward the inscrutable heavens is perhaps the richest memory of a rather long and rather turbid evening. The scenery by Mr. Samuel Ostrovski has a somber effulgence; none that is more imaginative has been seen on our stage. The folk background and group-movements are beyond praise. They quite easily rival those of the Moscow Art Theater. If any one wanted to call Mr. Swartz a great actor, it would be difficult to dispute with him. A performance that is both brilliant and subtle is given by Mr. Ernest Glendinning as Anathema; the minor parts are superbly done. There is, for instance, the Drunkard of Joseph Kubansky. The creature is of the mud. Yet there is something eternal about it too. In that role, as in every other, is concentrated the spirit of the play: Out of the mud there cries a voice of accusation against the stony enigma of the universe, against the pitiless powers that make no answer.

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Does not all that sound as though we were dealing with a masterpiece? There is, I believe, too much of turbidness, too much of passionate confusion. The dramatist's imagination is too undisciplined from within. The play is a great cry; for great drama that cry needed to be more articulate. Thus it happened that, as the evening went on, one kept hoping that the mind would either be kindled or swept along some living current. Neither thing happened. There was no flame; there was no living water. It is hard to be puzzled for three hours. David Leizer gives all he has to the poor. But there are hints that his heart needed reminding. Was that the reason why he could bring no joy to mankind? Or was it, as in the framework of this allegory it should be, because no one can bring joy where the sources of joy and salvation are guarded by the pitilessly inscrutable? David is Jesus and St. Francis and—Dr. Stockman. Or is the whole thing on a much lower and shallower plane? Is it the old, silly argument against economic reconstruction that if the wealth of the rich were divided there would not be enough to alleviate the sufferings of even a fraction of the poor? And is that why the poor of the earth, when bread and money are exhausted, ask for miracles which David cannot perform? Or is it because bread and gold do not suffice and only miracles could heal the dreadful sufferings of mankind? But if Andreev meant that, why are they condemned—if indeed they are condemned—that stone him who cannot perform the miracles which alone could heal their hurts?

Now, it could be argued that these questions do but make clear the richness and manysidedness of "Anathema." But there is no controlling and unifying element at the play's core. Passionate fragments of thought and of imagination are hurled upon one another. The result is a pile that is formidable, that is impressive. But a mere pile is neither tower nor temple. All of which is merely saying, of course, that Andreev's creative imagination is below his passion, his intensity, that the power to suffer does not suffice for great art, that here, as elsewhere in Russian literature, chaos has not become cosmos, nor substance form. I do not say that because I want art to be bland or merely beautiful or to deny out of existence the chaos that Andreev sees. It is because even to interpret chaos there must be form, coherence, interpretative clarity. The nature of the human mind demands that. The relentlessly Western mind, at least, insists on understanding even when the thinker or artist desires it to understand that understanding is forever beyond its reach. "All in the world want goodness, but know not where to find it; all in the world want life, but meet only death." The Guardian withholds the names of goodness and of life. But the play does not in any intelligible manner illustrate this great and dreadful theme. And so, despite the imaginative splendor made notably visible through the present production, it is less permanent, less profoundly satisfying and memorable as a work of art than the simple stanzas in which Housman has shown men conscious of the confusion, of the "iniquity on high," of that everlasting silence to all their questions which made them curse

"Whatever brute and blackguard made the world."

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International Relations Section

Fascisti in the United States

THE rapid growth in the United States of Fascist and anti-Fascist organizations has aroused much comment in the press and is stirring much bitterness in the groups involved. The following manifesto was recently published by the Italian Chamber of Labor of New York and the Workers' Anti-Fascisti Alliance of North America. The latter organization has secured the support of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and several other labor unions.

TO THE WORKERS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA:

Greetings and solidarity!

For over five months the most savage orgy of criminals, hoodlums, and mercenaries that ever assumed the name of government has been going on in Italy with the passive acquiescence, if not the tacit connivance, of the civilized world.

Having laid hold of the power of the state after two years of massacre, terror, and rapine . . . Fascism rules today as the absolute overlord of forty million people which it has reduced, under penalty of immediate death, to the lowest form of slavery.

All the fruits of an entire century of civic struggles intended to establish more equitable relations in society, three long generations of democratic efforts based upon the free association of the masses and representative government, lie now prostrate and all but lifeless under the inverted thumb of Benito Mussolini, the apostate who made treason his footstool, fratricide his mantle, and the barter of ideals his diadem and his scepter. . . .

Such a regime is insupportable; . . . it abases all to the same sub-human level where all virtue perishes in the common cowardice of ruling without moral authority and obeying without loyalty. Such a regime cannot endure, as all who have not renounced their supreme right of thinking in spite of the assassin's knife are now proclaiming.

The elements that undermine it are even now at work—the universal longing for individual liberty, the desire for peace, the instinctive aspiration to newer and better conditions; the innate critical sense of the human intellect which, if constrained, becomes explosive and revolts, and more than anything else, the irrepressible struggle of the classes which is the very leaven of history—all these great forces are working relentlessly to hurl Fascism back to the abyss of the past whence it has emerged through a strange aberration of the practical sense of the people.

But it does not suffice to believe in the future, it is also necessary to work without rest or stint to hasten its oncoming. . . . The Italian workers being in no condition to attempt at present any movement for the reestablishment of civilized order, it is the most sacred duty of their brothers abroad to assist them with their moral support and their financial aid, and especially by a continuous, insistent, unflagging campaign of publicity such as will enlighten American public opinion as to the horror that walks abroad in Italy and let it realize what a monstrosity of government is recognized by the republic of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln.

To this end we, the representatives of over 150,000 Italian trade unionists of the United States, hereby charge Benito Mussolini with the crimes of high treason, perjury, murder, arson, burglary, rape, and continued violence upon the body and the property of all the workers of Italy, and hold him up to the execration of the world. To prove this, following the great example set by the Fathers of the American Republic, we submit the facts to you and, through you, to the rest of the American nation.

He, as the leader and chief responsible for his armed brigands, has burned, sacked, and razed to the ground hundreds of private and public buildings, chambers of labor, meeting halls, libraries, schools, cooperatives, etc., erected with the savings of millions of toilers;

He has destroyed dozens of printing plants, has violently suppressed by seizure and arson practically all the press of the opposition, and turned to his own private use without even a hypocritical attempt at a formal process of law the daily newspapers of former premiers;

He has divested the National Assembly of every power, prohibiting every discussion of political and economic problems, and has denied Parliament, without having the courage actually to dissolve it, every control over the finances and policies of the state, by substituting his own personal dictatorship for the sovereign will of the people;

He has forcibly seized the municipal administrations of more than two thousand cities and towns, which he turned over to his gunmen after banishing and incarcerating their lawfully elected bodies, and where these had been previously compelled to resign he ordered special elections where no other ticket save that of the Fascisti was permitted on the ballot;

He has ruled out of the law and all its protections every political party of the workers, membership in which he made punishable by death, torture, or banishment at the discretion of his black-shirted mobs;

He has dissolved and disbanded by force of arms all labor organizations and professional associations that did not submit at once to the absolute control and undisputed authority of the Fascios;

He has ordered or caused by direct instigation or the refusal to prosecute the offenders, the murder of thousands of workers;

He has arrested without charges more than sixty thousand men and women; he has incited the lynching of scores of labor leaders, the systematic violation of the sanctity of domicile, the rape of harmless women, the mutilation of defenseless old people, and even the infliction of the most savage and ghastly tortures on school-children, whose only offense was refusal to sing the Fascist hymn of hate in the classroom.

In the short five months of his "legal" rule he has abolished rent laws, giving a free hand to building sharks, has refused to prosecute the war profiteers, imposed a 12 per cent tax on wages, discharged more than 50,000 railway and postal employees, increased unemployment from 300,000 to 500,000, and shamelessly offered for sale to foreign capital every public property, from the railroads to the post office. In addition to all this, which is but an incomplete statement of his many crimes, he has abolished the state police, substituting for it the hordes of his gunmen, escaped convicts, guerrillas, professional strike-breakers, and the like, who are now the national guardsmen of Italy, and who are bound by oath to passive obedience to Mussolini alone; and has outlawed every strike and stoppage of work, subjecting whatever miserable semblance of collective bargaining is still permitted to the sanction and approval of the Fascist Directorate. . . .

The Italian bourgeoisie, the lowest, most beggarly and cowardly of all the predatory classes, has permitted this man to commit all these indignities upon the people and the nation. . . . Only labor, this eternal and incorruptible champion of all the great causes of liberty, heroically exposed its naked breast to the poniard of this unspeakable bandit, the last and supreme incarnation of the ferocity of Tamerlane, Mohammed, Attila, and Barbarossa. But today Italian labor, broken down by two years of slow torture and unimaginable agony, disarmed, bound, robbed of its property, silenced, imprisoned, hounded by spies and cutthroats, can no longer continue its uneven struggle without the help of its brothers and sisters throughout the world.

It is for this purpose that the Italian Chamber of Labor of New York appeals to all the Italian workers of the United States and Canada and through them to the entire American labor movement, solemnly charging them in the name of their own

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humanity to come to the aid of the working class of Italy before it becomes socially extinct.

WORKING MEN AND WOMEN:

The Fascist octopus . . . is now attempting to extend its tentacles across the ocean and to bring to America the gospel of the torch, the bomb, and the stiletto. Already Fascist contingents have been organized in the various States of the Union; already the black shirt decorated with the death symbol of piracy has made its public appearance in the slums of New York and Philadelphia; already the first depredations have taken place and the first blood of the workers has been shed. Openly disavowed but secretly encouraged by the diplomatic and consular henchmen of Mussolini, these first vanguards of pillagers and freebooters have already hurled their challenge to organized labor in America whose aims, purposes, and ideals they hate and loathe as much as every other effort to secure social justice. This challenge we accept, this gauntlet we pick up, and ere they accomplish their dastardly intent of loosening civil warfare upon the country, we summon all labor unions of the United States and all true and honest lovers of liberty to begin at once an energetic campaign so that this evil weed may not take root in the soil of the Republic.

WORKERS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

Whoever tells you that the Fascisti are now organizing here for the purpose of upholding and defending the fair name and honor of Italy, lies. You know that whatever added glory Italy has gained in America, outside of her ancient traditions of beauty and freedom, have accrued to her only by the honesty, the peaceful endeavors, and the steady progress of her hard-working laborers. It is against the institutions of these men and women, hundreds and thousands of them, and only against them, that the Fascisti are conspiring. Their purpose is but one: to weaken and destroy the labor movement, to link up with the Ku Klux Klan, to aid the newly contemplated open-shop drive, to blast at the foundations of the workers' defense, to act, in a word, as the strike-breakers and gunmen of reactionary American employers as they have acted in Italy, Mexico, and Bavaria.

Stand, then, as one man and set your face against this spreading pestilence, denounce every Fascist attempt, inform the Italian Chamber of Labor of the organization of any group whenever it may occur, and raise funds in every legitimate way in order to enlarge and make more effective this drive for the preservation of our liberties. Our campaign is intended to be and must strictly remain a constitutional one, rigidly confined to the bounds of the law; therefore, we urge you to avoid every provocation, every riot, every breach of the peace; we exhort you to be forbearing to the very extreme limit of human endurance, but at the same time we bid you keep in mind the fate of our Italian brothers, and in case you are traitorously attacked, defend like men your right to live.

But it is not sufficient for us to prevent the monster of Fascism from staining with blood and searing with fire our fair American land; we must also strive with tireless effort and unabated faith to wipe away from Italy the shame and abomination of her present inhuman government. We must revive the faith, still alive in the breasts of millions of Italian workers, with our support, our example, the tangible proofs of our solidarity, and by transfusing into them the certainty that we shall stand by them till the inevitable day of their resurrection and their triumph.

Fascism, wherever it rears its bloody head, whatever weapon it uses, whatever livery it dons, must forever disappear from the earth with the lust of blood and dominion that gave it life. . . . Against it we proclaim now a war of extermination, declaring it outside of the moral law of mankind and beyond every mercy and forgiveness of the workers of the world.

Down with international Fascism!

Up with the banners of working-class solidarity!

An Appeal for Intervention

WE print below the larger part of a note addressed to the United States Government, through the American Minister and the Governor of the Canal Zone, by the *Tiempo* of Panama, asking American intervention in the political situation in the republic. The following translation was printed in the *Tiempo* of March 20.

A law is in force in the Republic of Panama which establishes that every citizen should obtain a voting certificate in order to have the right to vote. That law is of difficult compliance, especially in the interior of the Republic where, among other things, for instance, there are no photographers to photograph the voters as prescribed by law. The main charge, however, that can be made against the law is that it lends itself to abuses and frauds on the part of the political party enjoying the sympathy of the Government, as the district mayors, whose duty is to issue the voting certificates, do not deliver them when the citizens demand them, claiming that they can be lost, and so they retain them in their possession. When the elections arrive, only those citizens who it is known will vote for the Government party get their certificates; the rest of the citizens being denied them upon various pretexts. The time fixed for the issuing of the voting certificates having then elapsed, those citizens remain without voting.

Many cases of this nature have occurred, but there is one which has attained notoriety. It is that relative to the District of Chitré, Province of Herrera, a district which has 6,623 inhabitants and where the mayor, on the eve of the last elections, retained the voting certificates, with the result that only 14 votes were cast at the polls in the entire district.

With such prevailing methods it may easily occur that in an election only a scant number of votes might be cast by the voters, which number would not, and could not, be the expression of the will of the people, but, notwithstanding, according to the law, would allow the candidate to be declared elected.

In the last presidential elections Doctor Belisario Porras obtained approximately 20,000 votes; a number which does not constitute the expression of the will of a country like Panama with nearly 500,000 souls.

With a view to avoiding the repetition of such elections and to insure that all citizens might vote without hindrances, the Opposition Party recently requested the President of the Republic, Dr. Belisario Porras, that he authorize the discussion in the present extraordinary sessions of the National Assembly of a project of law . . . intended to modify the present election law.

The President of the Republic, although having full knowledge of the deficiencies of the present law, has refused to grant this petition, claiming that there are other matters of greater importance to which the National Assembly should preferentially give its attention. This reply of the President of the Republic has been considered by public opinion as an evasion. . . .

El Tiempo represents a strong body of Panamanian public opinion; is cognizant of the aspirations and needs of the country, and it is, therefore, in the name of that public opinion that it addresses itself to you, who are the highest representatives of the Government of the United States of America on the Isthmus, to request that you take note opportunely of the facts herein exposed and that you convey them without delay to the knowledge of His Excellency, Warren G. Harding, President of the United States of America.

At present the National Assembly is in session and there is yet time for the existing election law to be modified with a view to eliminating all possibility of abuses and frauds in the coming elections. If steps are not taken in the sense indicated, the presidential elections to take place next year will offer a spectacle as shameful as the one witnessed by this country in 1920; that is to say, the citizens will either not vote because they are deprived of voting certificates, or the few citizens who are able

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to secure certificates but are opposed to the Government party, will probably not go to the polls because they know that with the present election machinery and the party enjoying its backing there will be no chance of an equitable election. . . .

The sensible part of Panamanian public opinion holds that the Government of the United States of America has grave responsibilities with regard to the welfare of the Republic of Panama. . . .

The Government of the United States of America can not, before the world, fold its arms and view with indifference the Republic of Panama as it precipitates itself on an inclined plane which is fast carrying it to moral ruin and economic disaster. . . .

There is in the people of Panama a strong desire for a radical change in their political life. . . . There is an intense wish for social and political readjustment in all its phases; a wish that the Government be returned to the people from whose hands it has been torn by the intrigues of an unscrupulous political clique; that public expenses be confined within the limits set by the budget and that the most important revenues of the country should not continue to be rashly compromised; that full respect for law be established in the Republic and that the lives and property of all citizens, including American and other foreign settlers, receive complete guaranty; that the administration of justice be rapid and absolutely free from the influence and pressure of the other powers of the state and from the tamperings of politicians; and finally, and above all, there is an ardent and sincere desire that the relations between the Government and people of Panama and the Government and people of the United States might become more cordial than at present in order to insure the disappearance of the effects in the country of certain suicidal anti-American currents, the origins of which, although they remain in the shade, are none the less revealing of criminal ingratitude and damaging to the future of the Republic, inseparably linked now and forever to the great nation of the north which covered with a generous wing its advent into the world of free peoples.

It should not be surprising, therefore, that in view of the attitude of the President of the Republic of Panama and his agents this paper should have decided, after serious thought and as a supreme measure, to appeal to you and through you, to His Excellency, Warren G. Harding, President of the United States of America, in the name of Panamanian public opinion in demand of the good offices of the Government of the United States of America with a view to having the present election law modified, and with a view, also, to securing positive guaranty for the purity and equity of the next elections, even as that Government has already lent its good offices on other occasions, due precisely to the efforts of the present President of the Republic of Panama, Dr. Belisario Porras.

It is possible that the action which *El Tiempo* takes today in defense of the rights of all citizens irrespective of class or party and in behalf of the integrity of the political institutions of the country will give rise to protests and even public demonstrations on the part of those persons having a special interest in the present election law not being modified; but such protests and demonstrations will only confirm our statements and will prove, moreover, the existence of that poisonous spirit of anti-Americanism to which we have made reference and which this paper and the sensible public opinion of this Republic most forcefully and openly repudiate.

Bear in mind, Sirs, that if the Government of the United States of America does not recognize in the proud and patriotic people of Panama the right to resort to revolution, which is the last means of obtaining justice, then that Government can not and should not leave at liberty and even surround with security those who preside over the destinies of this country so that they might strangle the will of the people with the help of an iniquitous election law evidently drafted for that purpose.

Panama, March 20, 1923 EL TIEMPO

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